

The Sketch

No. 676.—Vol. LII.

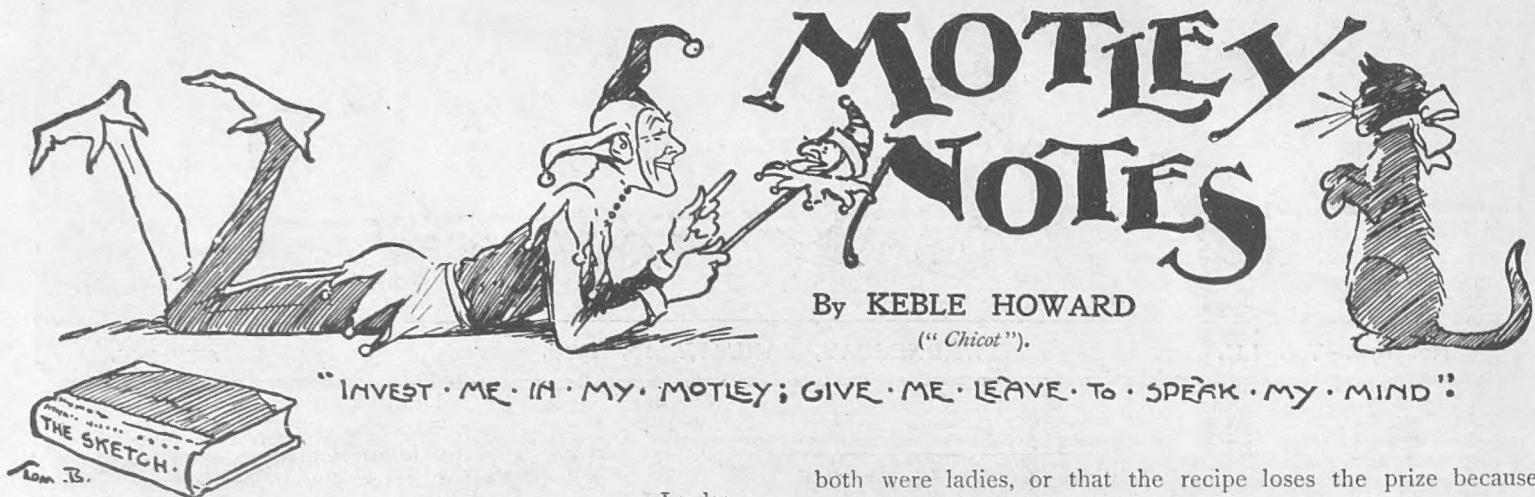
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND, WHO RECEIVED THE TOYS AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL
IN CONNECTION WITH "OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE," ON SATURDAY LAST.

The Marchioness Townshend is the eldest daughter of Thomas Sutherst, barrister-at-law, and was married to the Marquess Townshend in August of last year.
Photograph by Bassano.



London.

I DON'T mind confessing to you, friend the reader, that I thought it rather cunning of me to limit the answers in the "Hump Competition" to six words. In my unfathomable ignorance, you see, I fancied that it would be comparatively easy to pick out the winner when all the replies were so brief. Phew! You can guess, of course, what happened. Lured on by the simplicity of the thing, a great number of the competitors sent about half-a-dozen replies. They were not disqualified, though, because I forgot to stipulate for one reader, one recipe. Again, I was bound to select the cure that would apply to the majority of sufferers. It is all very well to tell people to get up and hustle; but hustling without an object is the dreariest form of occupation, and it is not everybody who can immediately find something worth hustling about. Many kindly-hearted correspondents, moreover, gave "Doing good to others," or advice to the same effect. But suppose that the hump attacks you when you are alone in a railway-carriage, or in the company of some testy-looking old gentleman whom you have never seen before in all your life? Is one to set to work to do good to that old gentleman? Finally, before I give the winning recipe, let me thank all those competitors who were self-sacrificing enough to send in answers that, if only for the sake of my reputed modesty, were bound to lose.

Now, without further preface, I will give you the recipe that, in my humble opinion, is the best submitted—

"Like frumenty, let it simmer."

The name of the sender is Mr. William Goldsbrough, of Ringfield, Redcar, to whom the insignificant prize has already been forwarded. I feel that many of my readers will disagree with the verdict, especially those who believe that the hump is a thing to shake off and run away from as quickly as possible. Let us, however, look a little further into the matter. How may we define that mood colloquially known as "the hump"? Roughly, an unreasonable feeling of depression. But is there no value in the hump? I don't want to be serious—"taint my place, sir—but I think the man or woman who refuses to have a good look at his or her hump, see what it means, how it came, and when it will disappear for very shame of its foolishness, is just the very person to get it again. Therefore I agree with Mr. Goldsbrough that, like frumenty, you should let it simmer. Do you know, by the way, what frumenty is? I didn't, until I had looked it up in the dictionary. Frumenty—pronounced "froomenti," with the accent on the "o"—is "a dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned." (What a lot of useful things we are teaching each other to-day, friend the reader!)

One competitor was good enough to suggest that I should inflict upon you my own recipe. I can hardly improve, I fancy, upon the winner, but that is no reason why I should not quote a few of the more interesting replies that I have received. When the same idea is conveyed in different words I hope my correspondents will take it for granted that they, just as much as the competitor quoted, are being considered interesting. Here is one—

"Honest self-examination."

That comes rather near to letting it simmer, but to examine oneself is not quite the same thing as to examine one's hump. The second—

"Kill it with a merry thought."

But can one command merry thoughts at will? The third—

"Put on your best clothes."

As a matter of fact, this should be the third and fourth, for it came, in those very words, from two competitors. I need hardly add that

both were ladies, or that the recipe loses the prize because it is applicable only to the more decorative sex. A fifth—

"Have a good romp with children."

I like that reply. I told you last week, I think, that a romp with children cured my own hump on Christmas Day. But the children are not always handy, dear correspondent, and so your delightful suggestion may not win the prize. A sixth—

"Go to bed."

That, too, I rather like; but there are, in reality, extraordinarily few people who have the genuine gift for idling. A seventh—

"Get up and hustle."

I have already explained my objection to that. Also to the eighth—

"Help somebody more unhappy than yourself."

The ninth is punning. I loathe puns. It is one of my few prejudices—

"Cease to be a camel."

The tenth is suggestive of a nightmare. Try to carry it out when you happen (as I pray you never may) to have the hump, and you will see what I mean at once—

"Keep smiling, keep smiling, KEEP SMILING."

The eleventh is somewhat redundant. It runs—

"Literature—Omar—Carlyle—golf—beagling—work."

And the twelfth applies but to the lucky—

"Forty miles an hour in motor-car."

And so an end. My heartiest thanks to one and all, whether quoted or not.

I am glad that I have left myself sufficient space to deal with the maxims of M. Paul Doumer, who has written, under the title "Livre de Mes Fils," a book dedicated to those who have recently arrived at the state of manhood. Comparing the methods of French and British schools, M. Doumer urges that the English are ahead of the French inasmuch as the prize goes, not to the cleverest, but to "him who shows the superiority of his character." The gentleman is evidently thinking of "good-conduct" prizes; yet I believe I am right in stating that the good-conduct prize is obtainable only in Sunday schools. Sunday schools are splendid institutions (have you ever seen the statue on the Embankment to the memory of the worthy person who first thought of them?) but they scarcely rank as the representative educational force of the country. For my own part, I secured—I say, advisedly, secured—several prizes at the other sort of school. I hardly dare to believe, however, that they were for good conduct. As a matter of confession, I know very well that I secured them by sheer cunning. Most of my fellows knew more than I did, but there had been vouchsafed to me a trick of making out a good case on paper. (I took the hint, and became a journalist.)

M. Paul Doumer then proceeds to tell young men how to choose a wife. This is his ideal: "Demeanour, simple and dignified. Clear eyes that look straight at you—modestly but frankly—which permit you to read the very soul. . . . Little matter whether she is pretty or no; she is beautiful physically because she is morally so." In theory, I admit, all this is magnificent. As a young man myself, however, I should like to ask M. Doumer a few questions—

- (1) Is a simple demeanour necessarily indicative of a simple nature?
- (2) What will the lady be doing while you are reading her very soul?
- (3) Should you endeavour to look into both eyes at once, or be content with one at a time?
- (4) Is it good manners to read a lady's soul without giving her due warning?
- (5) Would it come to the same thing if she looked straight at you with one eye?

DANCERS THROUGH THE MIRTHFUL MAZE :

SOME OF THE GUESTS AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



1. BUTTERCUP : MISS E. LAMBERT.
4. DRESDEN CHINA : MISS BOWLES.
7. A JAPANESE GIRL : MISS VIOLET
BERRY TORR.

2. A WELSH GIRL : MISS McILRAITH.
5. TATTERS : MISS SYBIL POUND.
8. A CANTAB OARSMAN : MASTER
P. LOTINGA.

3. LA BELLE FRANCE : MISS J. GORDON.
6. APPLE BLOSSOM : MISS B. KELLY.
9. AN OFFICIAL OF NAPOLEON'S COURT :
MASTER JOHN BERRY TORR.

Photographs by Lafayette.

THE CLUBMAN.

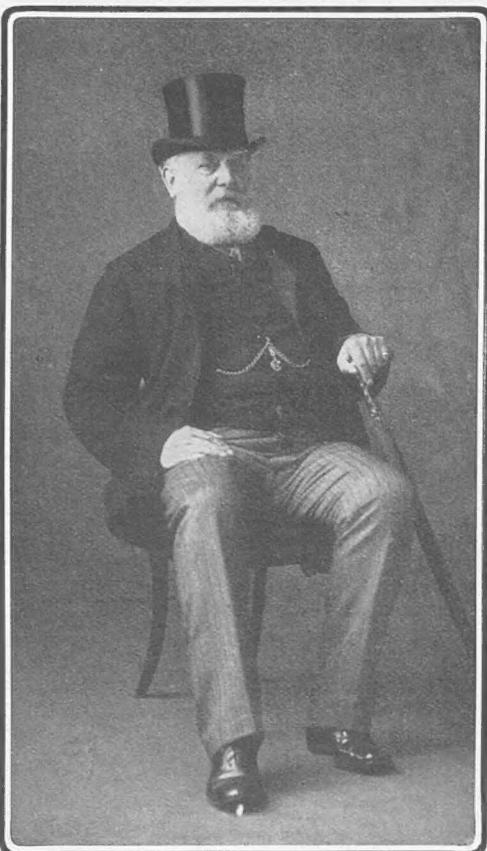
Personal Canvass—My "Shop-window"—French Nerves—Rozhdestvensky's Mania—Mr. Haldane's Good Intentions—The American Army.

MY innocent amusement at the sudden interest taken in me by the political agents continues. I have been canvassed personally. I was stopped, as was the wedding-guest by the Ancient Mariner, on the threshold of a London house by a gentleman of affable demeanour, who, after ascertaining my name, would not listen to any explanations, but recited as much of a "leading article" as he could remember. When he stopped for lack of breath, I was enabled to tell him that I was in a hurry to dress for dinner, and that I had no vote for the house on the steps of which he had waylaid me.

The joy of having defeated a Londoner of political bias is nothing, however, to the pleasure which the receipt of a large envelope, with enclosures, from a political agent in my native county has given me. A full confession of faith on the part of the candidate, promising everything to everybody, is accompanied by a large card on which is the photograph of the would-be member, wearing the necessary M.P. expression of noble defiance, and accompanying it is a request that I shall give it a prominent position in my "shop-window." Of course we all of us have our "shop-window" of some kind or another; but I can fancy the anger of any worthy couple who have emigrated to the country from some town, and have tried to forget that they ever were connected with trade, when they get the card to be exhibited in their "shop-window."

I told a Frenchman the other day that his country was in a fit of nerves, and he was not angry, as I rather expected him to be, but dropped into serious, quiet earnestness, and gave me a number of reasons why he and a large number of his compatriots believe that a quarrel is going to be thrust upon his country in the spring. War-clouds come up very quickly and dissolve as rapidly, but there are a hundred small signs that both Germany and France are going to stand stripped for action as soon as the Conference begins its work. The French soldiers have been told to take their leave earlier than usual; the remainder of the French batteries which were without the new quick-firing guns in the autumn are to have them in the spring; there has been an army of men at work on the *forts d'appui*; and on the German side the preparation has kept a little ahead of the French.

The German Army wants war; it is getting stale through overwork and no fighting, and it is some thousands short of officers, for the young German aristocrat of to-day is following the lead of our younger sons of nobility and is looking toward finance and a fortune instead of to barrack life and proud penury. A war would fill the ranks of the officers at once.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT CRICKETER: THE LATE MR. V. E. WALKER, PRESIDENT OF THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

Mr. Walker began his sporting career in 1853, when he played for Harrow against Winchester. By the time he was one-and-twenty he was regarded as the best all-round cricketer in England. Thrice during his career he took all ten wickets in an innings with his lob bowling, and in the first of these three matches—that between England and Surrey in 1858—he made 20 not out in one innings and 108 in another. He retired from first-class cricket some nine-and-twenty years ago, and was President of the M.C.C. in 1891, and President of Middlesex seven years later.

Photograph by Dickinson.

the dreams of avarice to the men of Crimean days; but the Army is not a serious competitor in the labour market. The best men go to employment where they are their own masters out of working hours, and where they get pay that no War Minister dare give. The Army does not get the best material, and does not get enough even of the second best.

That Admiral Rozhdestvensky should have a final fling at England before he goes before his court-martial was quite to be expected. The Admiral was always looking for British treachery in unexpected places, and just as he saw torpedo-boats among the Hull fishing-craft, so he became aware of the orders that were to be given to the British Fleet concentrated at Wei-Hai-Wei in case he was victorious over Togo. This is mania, and, luckily, it is now comparatively harmless mania; but if the Admiral is acquitted, as is probable, and if the building up of Russia's new Navy is to be put into his hands, as seems possible, it will be wise of him to get rid of his hallucinations. An *entente* between Russia and Great Britain is sure to come eventually; but if an ardent Anglophobist is the leading man of the Russian Navy he may be able to make that *entente* unpopular in his own service.

That the St. Petersburg Foreign Office thought it necessary to make Admiral Rozhdestvensky explain that it was only his own private opinion that he was to be smashed by the British if he escaped Togo, shows that the higher authorities in Russia want no more pin-pricks to be directed against Great Britain. The time has come when the Lion and the Bear should be peaceful neighbours and should not desire to tear down partitions in order to eat each other up.

Mr. Haldane has begun by enunciating most excellent sentiments concerning the Army. Every schoolboy in the land knows that our Army is a small one, that for that reason it ought to be a very good one, and that there should be a striking force and an effective force for home defence. It will be when Mr. Haldane gets to grips with the Treasury that he will find himself in difficulties. It is not easy to buy good men for the Army. The price of the British private has gradually been rising, and he gets now an amount of pocket-money which would have appeared to be riches beyond



THE MEMBER FOR NORTH LAMBETH ON CANVASSING BENT: MR. FREDERICK HORNER DRIVING ROUND HIS CONSTITUENCY IN COMPANY WITH HIS WIFE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

desertion among the men of the United States Army is appallingly large; indeed, it seems as though a man with nothing to do generally enlisted in the United States Army, and deserted as soon as he saw an opportunity of other employment.

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT "ENTENTE CORDIALE" PRESIDENT?

SOME OF THE POSSIBLE SUCCESSORS OF M. LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



1. M. LÉON BOURGEOIS, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.
5. M. DOUMER, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER.

2. M. BRISSON, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER.
4. M. FALLIÈRES, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.
(The Favourite Candidate.)
7. M. ROUVIER, PRIME MINISTER.

3. M. PAUL DESCHANEL, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER.
6. M. COMBES, EX-PRIME MINISTER.

M. Loubet's seven years' tenure of office comes to an end on February 18th, and the 16th of this month is fixed for the election of his successor.

Photographs by Nadar, Pierre Petit, Pirou, and Gerschel.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. The Children's Pantomime. CINDERELLA. By Sir F. C. Burnand, J. Hickory Wood, and Arthur Collins. Music by J. M. Glover.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, for Four Nights only, Shakespeare's
TWELFTH NIGHT.
Malvolio, MR. TREE; Viola, MISS VIOLA TREE; Olivia, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.15.

MONDAY, Jan. 15, to WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17, OLIVER TWIST. Fagin, MR. TREE; Nancy, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER. ONLY MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17.
THURSDAY, Jan. 18, for Three Nights only, Ibsen's AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. Dr. Stockmann, MR. TREE. Followed by Rudyard Kipling's THE MAN WHO WAS, dramatised by F. Kinsey Peile. Austin Limmason, MR. TREE.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Shylock,"
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH as "Portia." Every Evening at 8, in Shakespeare's Play,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Nightly at 9. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 3.
CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE, by Hubert Henry Davies.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.
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IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, a Masquerade in Four Acts by Rudolph Lothar. adapted
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MR. LEWIS WALLER. MISS EVELYN MILLARD.
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GENERAL NOTES.

Queen Margherita of Italy and a Rumour.

Not very long ago it was stated that Queen Margherita of Italy had written a play, and that the work was to be produced almost immediately, the identity of the Royal dramatist being veiled by a *nom de guerre*. Inquiries were made by *The Sketch*, and confirmation was not forthcoming. Now it is recorded not only that Her Majesty has indeed joined the ranks of the playwrights, but that Madame Duse is to appear as the heroine, and that it is believed in Rome that the work will reproduce certain phases of the life of the late King Humbert and his tragic death. It is exceedingly difficult to credit the last statement, qualified though it be in a manner by the assurance that the names of the characters will be imaginary. There is in the first place the question of taste; nor can we believe that Queen Margherita would wish to exploit the tragedy of her life on the public or private stage, especially if she be correctly reported in the *Car*—"It is only when flying along in my automobile that the vision of my husband as they brought him home to me dead leaves me. When in my motor-car I am a normal woman." There are events and episodes that are better not flaunted behind footlights.

Another Royal Match?

Dame Gossip, still striving to outstrip officialdom, promises yet another Royal betrothal—that of Prince George William of Brunswick-Lüneburg and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Prince was born in 1880, the eldest of the six children of the Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg and a General in the British Army; the Princess is the youngest daughter of the late Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. The match, supposing always that it is really in the making, will be both a love one and a money one, for Prince George will inherit very considerable wealth from his father and his grandmother, the Queen of Hanover.

Eden Hall and Edenhall.

The announcement, given with customary flourish of detail and lawyer-like precision in the *London Gazette*, that the King has been pleased to grant to Thomas Riccardi-Cubitt, of Eden Hall, Edenbridge, and to Maria Fede, his wife, his license that they may assume the title of Count conferred upon them by the King of Italy has caused some confusion in the minds of those who associate "Eden Hall" with the "Luck of Edenhall," that "drinking-glass of crystal tall" concerning which Longfellow tells one tale and other chroniclers another. As a matter of fact, Count Riccardi-Cubitt's residence is, as we have indicated, in Kent; that of the Musgrave family, the holders of the "Luck," in Cumberland. The Countess, by the way, inherits her title as sole representative, after her father, of the old and noble family of Riccardi, who for generations have rendered valuable service to the Royal House of Savoy.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN LONG.

Through the Rain. Mrs. Hughes Gibb. 6s.
For the White Cockade. J. E. Muddock. 6s.
La Belle Dame. Alice Methley. 6s.
Barnaby's Bridal. S. R. Keightley. 6s.

A Madcap Marriage. M. McD. Bodkin, K.C.

T Werner Laurie.

Six Women. Victoria Cross. 6s.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

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"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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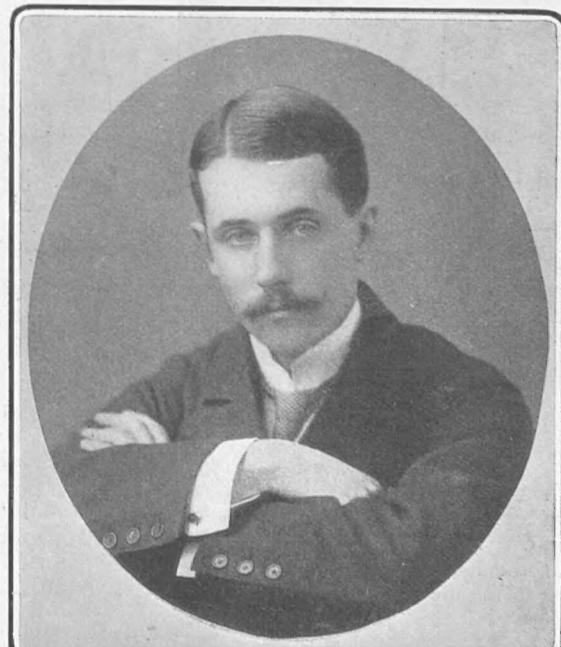


anniversaries for our Royal Family and for the great Royal clan of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha generally. The King of the Belgians has so great a fear of "January misfortunes" that he never makes any plans for this month.

Royal Movements. The departure of Prince Arthur of Connaught for the Far East is the next Royal event of public interest. Then will come that of those members of the Court who will represent King Edward and Queen Alexandra at the Imperial Silver Wedding at Berlin. The arrangements in connection with our Sovereign's coming visit to Madrid are nearly completed, and it may be doubted if any of the King's many interesting journeys abroad will have aroused half as much excitement as this, the first sojourn of a British monarch in Spain since the days when the heir of the Stuarts went a-wooing to Madrid.

Three Titled Candidates.

In the Parliament now to be replaced there were twenty-nine heirs to peerages in the House of Commons, not to mention title-bearing younger sons of Peers and non-Representative Irish Peers. The appearance of titled Commoners is always a desperate puzzle to the man in the street, who can never remember that although a man may at any time be called to the Upper House to succeed to a peerage, he may be elected to a place in the Commons. The subject is further complicated by the fact that an Irish Peer, unless a Representative Peer, may take his place under the jurisdiction of the Speaker; though a Scottish Peer, even though not qualified to sit in the Lords, may not appear in the Commons. The new Parliament will be very fully supplied with titled members, if the wishes of those concerned be realised. Among the new candidates are three representatives of nobility who typify this electoral puzzle. The Earl of Kerry is the eldest son and heir of the Marquess of Lansdowne, a dashing soldier, who gained distinction in the Boer War, and has inherited much of the intellectual strength which distinguishes his father. Lord Dunsany is an Irish Baron, the eighteenth holder of a



THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE'S HEIR, WHO IS A CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT: THE EARL OF KERRY.
The Earl of Kerry is standing for the Appleby Division of Westmorland in the Unionist interest.

Photograph by John Edwards.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE presence of the Court at Windsor Castle is always the signal for a good deal of entertaining in the Royal Borough, and it is said that at least one entertainment will be given to the neighbourhood during the sojourn of their Majesties at the Castle. The King and Queen, however, generally spend the latter half of January very quietly, the last fortnight of the first month of the year being full of sad

title which dates back nigh upon five centuries. He, too, fought in South Africa. His father-in-law is the Earl of Jersey. Lord Lewisham will one day be Earl of Dartmouth. His father sat for two years as a member of the Commons. Lord Lewisham is five-and-twenty, a keen Yeomanry Volunteer, and a popular son of a popular father.

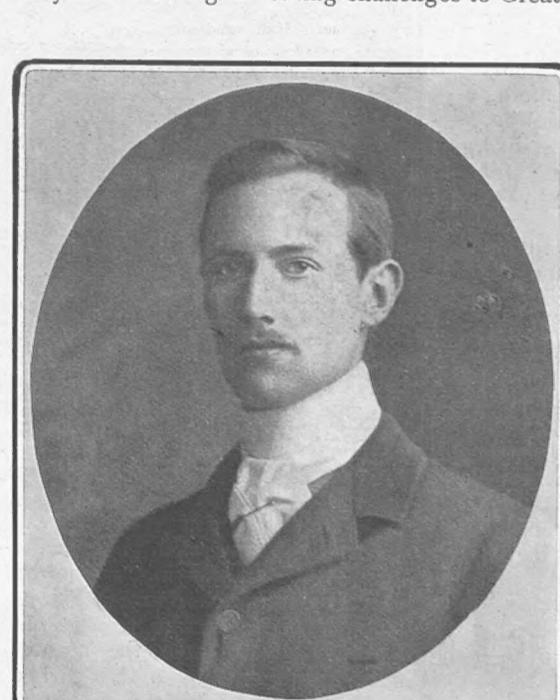
Curious Peers often choose curious Titles. and, to their friends, unexpected titles on their elevation to the Upper House. Mr. Grenfell, instead of taking the rather obvious name of Lord Taplow, is to be Lord Desborough. Sir William Walrond has chosen the Norman-sounding appellation Lord Waleran de Bradfelde. Mr. Beckett-Faber and Mr. Ritchie remain faithful to their own names, for the one is now Lord Faber of Butterwick and the other Lord Ritchie of Dundee. There is a splendid choice of fine, picturesque titles going begging in the extinct Peerage, and occasionally a new Peer adopts one of these as his own.

A TITLED CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS: VISCOUNT LEWISHAM.

Viscount Lewisham is standing for West Bromwich in the Unionist interest.

Photograph by Window and Grove.

Muscular France. The success of the All France team in its struggle with the "All Blacks," in scoring eight points against such formidable adversaries, doing, that is to say, nearly as well as Scotland did, has considerably "bucked" our French friends. They are dreaming of issuing challenges to Great Britain in all sports.



AN IRISH BARON WHO MAY SIT IN THE NEXT HOUSE OF COMMONS: LORD DUNSANY.
Lord Dunsany is standing for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire in the Unionist interest.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Far be it from us to deny the need of praise to the French team in its New Year's contest with the Antipodeans, but justice compels us to remark that three of the protagonists for *la belle France* were English and a fourth is "doubtful." But great athletic progress has to be acknowledged. In a very few years the type of Boulevardier has entirely changed. Once he took pride in being a tumble-down young man with a pale face; to-day he straightens out his back,

stiffens his limbs, and glances abroad with the fiery eye of a prize-fighter. It is astonishing how everybody is learning jiu-jitsu or some form of getting up muscle, or of "downing" the other man. Presently the Englishman will have to be very careful how he conducts himself in Paris.

The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere. We are all "Right Honourable" nowadays, even Mr. John Burns. The only regret in Mr. Labouchere's case is that he will not hear himself so described in the House of Commons. With what infinite zest Mr. Chamberlain would have referred to the Right Honourable Member for Northampton! Perhaps Mr. Labouchere, who has been accustomed to joke at honours and titles and rewards, would have said that if it pleased the Prime Minister to raise him to the Privy Council, he did not see why he should disappoint his leader. Mr. Labouchere deserves the distinction for his Parliamentary services. He has devoted himself to the House of Commons for a generation, and has added to its stock of gaiety.

Consolation Honours.

he has got only an Under-Secretaryship; on Mr. Causton because he has received an office without salary; on Lord Reay and Sir Walter Foster because they have been left out of the Government. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Shaw and Mr. Edmund Robertson have received the honour in addition to important posts. Nobody deserved the Privy Councillorship better than Mr. Thomas Burt. It is greatly to his credit that, like another Labour member, he has become "Right Honourable." Mr. Burt commenced working in coal-pits at an early age, and has been as true a friend of the miners as ever sat in the House of Commons. He is the meekest and most popular of members.

All Because of the Phonograph. A very sad story of a lady who lost a *beau parti* is going the rounds of Paris. She was offering a New Year's fête in her *appartement* to a circle of friends and acquaintances, including the wealthy if somewhat venerable Baron she had honoured with her hand, if not her heart. By way of entertainment, a phonograph was brought in and set upon the table. Selecting one of the discs, marked "Indian March," the fair hostess affixed it to the machine. But what was her horror and surprise when the instrument began to vibrate not with the inspiriting strains of the march, but with her own penetrating accents! Worse than all, it was the record of a conversation she had had a few days before with her *maître d'hôtel*. "If that old monkey comes—" she was saying, when the table was suddenly upset. The phonograph, much damaged in its internal economy, came to a full stop. People declare that it was the hostess herself who had so abruptly terminated the séance. It was a mischievous *femme de chambre*, it seems, who had turned on the machine whilst her mistress was speaking with such impolitic frankness to her butler. The subject of it all rose quietly in his place, took his hat and stick, and saying, "Adieu, chère," quitted the house—for ever. That is why one lady in Paris does not like the phonograph.

An Unfortunate Coincidence. It is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Walter Wellman, the explorer, is not a believer in omens, or the headings of two paragraphs that appeared in juxtaposition in a contemporary the other day may give him furiously to think. "Shattered Silk Industry," read one; "To the Pole by Balloon," the other. Seriously, the coincidence is a

little curious. André's fate is still fresh in the memory, and it will take more than the proved progress made in the very inexact science of aeronautics to give the man in the street confidence in Mr. Wellman's belief that he will reach the Pole within a week of launching his airship at Spitzbergen. Even the intrepid Santos-Dumont has denied the statement that he would act as engineer and pilot during the expedition, and Santos-Dumont has no objection to taking risks.

The Kaiser's Spider-like Hunting.

Via America—to be precise, through San Francisco and out of the mouth of the Argonaut—comes a description of the manner in which the Kaiser, in his capacity of sportsman, persuades Science to assist him in the swelling of his bag. It would appear that His Imperial Majesty is wont to adopt a spider-like attitude at times—we make the remark with no desire to be guilty of *lèse-majesté*—his deer-forest being the parlour, and deer flies invited to walk into it. The hunting-ground, in brief, is a closely woven web of telephone-wires, which connect the huts occupied by the army of gamekeepers with the Royal hunting-box. Immediately a stag makes his arrival, His Majesty is rung up, and within a few minutes the Imperial motor is bearing its master to the best point of vantage.

The Renaissance of the Earring. "The *Renaissance* of the *Earring*, put on her costly robe and brilliant earrings," runs an old line, and Time, disguised as Dame Fashion, has made it truth again. There is a renaissance of the earring, and an epidemic of ear-boring in Society and Suburbia, to the mingled horror and delight of the young lady in the stalls and dress-circle. Strange that it should be so in these days of advanced and semi-advanced women, for was not the pierced ear once a sign of servitude?—"And she, like to some servile, ear-pierced slave, must play and sing." We are expecting a protest from the lady who interrupted "C.-B." recently, accompanied by a banner inscribed "No slavery! No earrings!"—and held upside down.

The Author of Noah's Ark. Mr. Percy French, the author of "Noah's Ark," whose portrait we give on another page, is, as is generally known, an Irishman who makes a specialty of telling droll stories and illustrating

them by drawings in coloured chalk. He is also a composer, notable especially for his "Abdallah Bulbul Ameer" and "Phil the Fluter's Ball." As a painter, he was chosen to make sketches of Irish scenery for the King, and his annual exhibition in Bond Street is a favourite with all collectors of paintings of sky, sea, and moorland.

A Midshipman.

Princess Henry's eldest son, Prince Albert Alexander of Battenberg, who has chosen the career of a naval officer, has just been appointed to the *Drake*, the flagship of his uncle, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who, it will be remembered, is just back from a successful visit to the United States with the Second Cruiser Squadron. Prince Alexander thus comes under the command not only of a Royal personage, but of one who has been in close touch with another and even more exalted Royal personage. Captain Mark Kerr, who is the commanding officer of the *Drake*, entered the *Britannia* at the same time as the Prince of Wales, and later served with him at sea.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER (MRS. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE) AND HER HUSBAND.
Photograph by Bassano.



LADY DALRYMPLE, WHO IS CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by Lafayette, London.

suffering from a virulent form of the epidemic all passed away. She is now the proud and happy mother of a bouncing boy, and canvassing with all the ardour of a practised politician for her husband in his election contest. Lord Dalrymple is heir to the Stair Earldom, and already he and his wife have established themselves among the popular hosts and hostesses. Lady Dalrymple is musical, has good literary judgment, and brings to the fatigues of a London season a constitution rendered sound and vigorous by the free country life she led as a girl at her parents' pretty place near Windsor.

A Descendant of Scott. The Countess of Kerry,

in her attempt to further the candidature of her talented soldier-sportsman husband in North Westmorland, has proved herself as courageous as she is charming. For a week or more she refused to obey doctor's orders and lie up, in spite of the terrible weather in that bleak though beautiful country. In her case courage does not mean masculinity. She is thoroughly womanly, if one may say so of a bride who is now but twenty. Since her marriage, less than two years ago, she has thrown herself heartily

All's well that ends well. Married life could hardly have commenced more inauspiciously than it did for Lord and Lady Dalrymple. Accompanied by Lady Dalrymple's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Hartford, the young couple went out to Cap Martin for their honeymoon. There the bridegroom developed scarlatina. The bride devotedly nursed him through his illness, and it was hoped that she might escape. But upon moving to the Riviera, Lady Dalrymple was found to be

Happily that has

the ordinary course of events, become a Viscountess. Her husband, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, is the eldest son and heir of Lord Iveagh, who, a Baron until the other day, has now been advanced a step in the Peerage. Lady Gwendolen was married, nearly three years ago, when twenty-two. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Onslow. To her have been transmitted the happy qualities which made her mother and father so popular when they were out in New Zealand during



LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS, WHO IS CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Lord Onslow's Governorship of the Colony. The energy with which she is now assisting her husband in his fight for the Haggerston Division is characteristic of her.

The Squire's Daughter. For the first time since her

marriage Lady Castlereagh finds herself unrepresented in the Cabinet. When she became the daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Londonderry her father, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, was a member of the Cabinet; when he came out her father-in-law went in. Now she is doing her best to help her husband, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquess's son and heir, to get his foot upon the ladder leading to the Cabinet by winning a seat in the House of Commons. She was married in 1899, and the King and Queen were godparents to her baby boy, who, preceded by a sister, made his welcome appearance nearly four years ago.

Like Mother, Like Daughter. If the arts of a beautiful woman have not lost their power over electors, Viscount

Helmsley should not fear the result of his election. For in his wife he has a most effective ally. Lady Helmsley is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, and was voted at her wedding, two years ago,



LADY CASTLERAEGH, WHO IS CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND.

From a Painting by Ellis Roberts.

effective ally. Lady Helmsley is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, and was voted at her wedding, two years ago,

Graces Born the daughter and of a n Gifts. E arl, Lady Gwendolen Guinness will, in

one of the loveliest brides of recent days. But she has in this contest more than personal appearance upon which to rely; she is trained to public life from having been, for the later years of her girlhood, understudy to her mother, the indefatigable Countess of Warwick. She does not go so far towards Socialism as the Countess, but she has been brought up in an atmosphere of catholic sympathies, and she would make the ideal wife for an ambitious young member of Parliament.



THE COUNTESS OF KERRY, WHO IS CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY, WHO IS CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



OF THE HOUSE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL:
LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS, DAUGHTER OF THE
SEVENTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE—COUSIN.

Photograph by Barnett.

Most of us think of him as physically a whipper-snapper. As a fact, he is a fine, well-set-up young fellow of some 5 ft. 10 in., with a chest and pair of shoulders which do credit to his physical training in the Army. In one particular he differs essentially from his father; "Randy" had a moustache which was a godsend to the caricaturist. Now Mr. Winston Churchill is smooth-faced. There are two Winston Churchills—nay, three, if you count his cognominal duplicate across the Atlantic. There is the Winston Churchill who impresses the world as an aggressive, fearless, self-confident young politician, who is accused by Mr. Wanklyn of plotting to turn out Mr. Balfour, then the Liberals, and finally assume the Premiership. And there is the real Winston Churchill, who at heart is as diffident and nervous as the schoolboy. You like him best at dinner, where he speaks without reporters present. Then you detect the genius of the father divested of the slapdash, swashbuckler attitude. The Duke of Argyll remembers seeing him sent galloping round the cricket-field at Eton because he had been talking too much. Those not of his political complexion would like to set him upon a similar journey through the Lobbies. Hear him, however, outside the political arena, and he is interesting, attractive, fascinating.

His Father's Son.

Mr. Winston Churchill produced his striking biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, just in time for his friends and opponents to draw comparisons between the election address of his sire and that issued on his own behalf to the electors of North-West Manchester. The father's address is reproduced, they say, in that of the son. It may be. Lord Randolph lives again in the son, Mr. Winston Churchill. In temperament, in physique, in method, the youthful Under-Secretary for the Colonies is his father over again.



OF THE HOUSE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL:
LADY SARAH WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE SEVENTH
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—AUNT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



OF THE HOUSE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL:
LADY EVELYN INNES-KER, DAUGHTER OF THE
SEVENTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE—COUSIN.

Photograph by Barnett.

A powerful occasion of his maiden speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill drew a crowded "House." Not only was the floor of the House full; the Peers' Gallery was also crowded, as well as the Members' Gallery. Among the Peers were kinsmen of his own. There were

the Earl of Howe and Lord Tweedmouth, both of whom have married into the family of the Duke of Marlborough, of which house he is, of course, a member. Few men in the Lower House can claim kinship with more notable people in politics and Society than the Liberal candidate for North-West Manchester. His mother is now Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and among his relatives are Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Isobel Wilson, the Duke of Roxburghe, Countess Howe, the Hon. Ivor Guest, Lady Evelyn Innes-

Ker, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Victoria Villiers, and Lady Wimborne. Family influence such as this cannot but be helpful to any young politician, but he has that grit which carries a man far forward. "The Churchills peg out early," he says, "and I'm going to make sure of my innings." It is this belief that his years may not be many which accounts for the eagerness with which he thrusts forward. It was so with his father—and it helped to hasten the unexpected end of Lord Randolph.

Hurled to the Grave.

Not content with driving us through life, the automobiles are now competing for the honour of conducting us to the tomb. The idea is Parisian, of course. True to its reputation as the hub of the motor world, "La Ville Lumière" wants to instal a service of petrol hearses. You can imagine, can you not, a motor funeral of the future? Fancy, if the modern Charon—the name,



OF THE HOUSE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL:
LADY WIMBORNE, DAUGHTER OF THE SEVENTH DUKE
OF MARLBOROUGH—AUNT.

Photograph by Lafayette.

“RANDY’S” BIOGRAPHER, AND HIS HOUSE.



LADY NORAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL,
Daughter of the Eighth Duke of Marlborough—Cousin.

LADY ISABEL WILSON,
Daughter of the Seventh Duke of Roxburghe—Cousin.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE,
Son of the Seventh Duke—Cousin.

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST,
Mother.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

COUNTESS HOWE,
Daughter of the Seventh Duke of Marlborough—Aunt.

MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD,
Daughter of the First Duke of Abécorn—Aunt by Marriage.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE,
Daughter of the Seventh Duke of Marlborough—Aunt.

THE HON. IVOR GUEST,
Son of Lord Wimborne—Cousin.

Photographs by Thomson, Langfier, Bassano, Barnett, Lafayette, and Mayall.

(SER OPPOSITE PAGE.)



BY E. A. B.

William the Many. Certain recipients of honours recently conferred upon their new dignities. One gentleman found himself debarred from using the title he had chosen because it meant the use of a name dear to another; a second has a local authority at his throat for proposing to adopt a title which is that of a town in which he has neither part nor lot in real estate. "Twas ever thus. Queen Victoria changed her Christian name before ascending the throne; while, when William IV. was acclaimed King, men went in dread lest they should add the wrong numeral to his style and title. In a group of four men were to be found as many titles for the Sovereign. He was to the uncertain, William, I., II., III., IV. As a fact, he was publicly prayed for as William Henry I., because it was believed that it was in that manner he meant to be described. But the other problems arose from his being William I. of Hanover, William II. as King of Ireland, William III. as King of Scotland, and William IV. as King of England. Since then we have had the controversy as to whether Edward VII. of all other parts of the Empire is not Edward I. of Scotland.

A "Pocket" Borough.

Shrewsbury, where the Prime Minister is due to speak this evening, is a place which, had not a certain little drama run to its unhappy dénouement a couple of years ago, would today have frightened off the politician not ready to buy the favour of many of his friends. It was there that the dear old scheme of selling votes to the highest bidder longest survived. Some unconscionable fellow was so unmannerly thirty months ago as to throw the limelight on the ways of certain free and independent electors, and an unemotional authority cold-bloodedly inquired into the matter, and for ever put an end to the lucrative trade in votes which had so long flourished. They found that every vote cast at the municipal elections at Shrewsbury was bought at the average rate of from half-a-crown to three shillings.

Even the most

hardened lover of the good old days will scarcely complain that the present election lacks spirit or energy. Not for many a year has an election been fought so bitterly. Perhaps our manners have improved; otherwise we should see in Protectionist or Free Trade drawing-rooms something of the sort which the old Duchess of Richmond rigged up when Catholic Emancipation was toward. Not content with the knowledge that, those who favoured the reform being called "rats" by the Opposition, one of those rodents was let loose in the House of Lords, to the discomfiture of the reformers, the Duchess went further. She had rats killed and stuffed, and placed in a case in her salon. Each stuffed rat represented a prominent Emancipationist. As he inclined towards the liberty of

the Catholics, a rat was killed to signalise his conversion, and a card with his name upon it attached to the dead vermin.

Other Times and Manners.

Lord Knollys, has he has presented

At certain bye-elections complaint was made of the use by candidates of the Royal Arms upon their election addresses. The King, through deprecated this. Although as Prince of Wales petitions and voted for the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the King has, with the greatest tact, avoided all semblance of participation in party politics. In this he differs from some of his predecessors. George IV. fought like a maniac against Catholic Emancipation. He had a five-hours' interview at Windsor with his Ministers, and endeavoured by threat and cajolery to induce them to withdraw the obnoxious measure. When the Bill was brought for the Royal Assent, which the King dared not withhold, he wept. "What can I do?" he wailed. "What can I now fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched. My situation is dreadful—nobody to advise me. If I do give my consent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and thence to Hanover, and never return any more to England. Let them get a Catholic King. Wellington is King of England, O'Connell is King of Ireland, and I suppose I'm only Dean of Windsor!" Still, the United Kingdom stands where she did.



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BOOK: A 5FT. 10IN. ATLAS PRESENTED TO CHARLES II.

The atlas is bound in red leather and has three massive gilt clasps. It was given to Charles II. immediately before he left Holland to return to England. Evelyn mentions it under the date 1660, Nov. 15:—"I went with some of my relations to Court to show them His Majesty's cabinet and closet of varieties. There I saw a vast book of mapps in a volume neere 4 yards large." The book was in the library bequeathed to the nation by George III.

Photograph by F. Sturdee.

They found that every vote cast at the municipal elections at

quite sure that all this love him, moreover, because they get him cheaply.

Herr Strauss, who with his music is the subject of a lecture to-morrow evening by Professor Markham Lee, is America's favourite composer. Mascagni was, but they tired of him when coming to close quarters, arrested him for debt, and played all manner of inhospitable tricks upon him. Strauss they love. They are not quite sure that he is a genius; not time he is not pulling their leg. They have an enormous vogue in the United States, and when he visits there he can hear himself sung everywhere, without having drawn a penny in royalty from the songs themselves. His songs have not been copyrighted in the States. With his instrumental compositions such liberties cannot be taken; therefore they are less esteemed. But chief of all his claims to popularity is this fact: as he stood one day gazing along Broadway, New York, he was vastly impressed by the immensity of the sky-scrappers. The interviewers found that, as is his wont, he had made a note in his diary of the sensations he experienced on seeing those fearsome buildings. Now they are convinced that he is going to set the sky-scrappers to music. Great men have expressed their unbounded admiration for all that is large in America, but to have the architectural flat-iron of New York immortalised by the melody of Strauss is something to live and love for.



PAINTING WITH A SHAVING-BRUSH: MR. PERCY FRENCH, AUTHOR OF "NOAH'S ARK," AT WORK ON A SEASCAPE.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

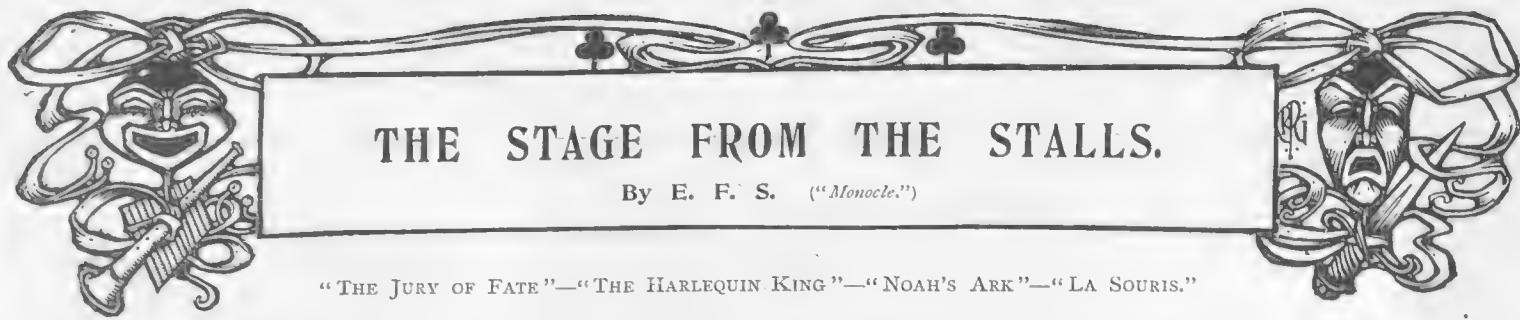
EXPRESSIONS IN SPORT.



1. TENNIS. 2. HURDLE-RACING. 3. HOCKEY. 4. RUNNING. 5. BOWLING. 6. SPRINTING. 7. THROWING THE HAMMER.

8. RUGBY. 9. ASSOCIATION. 10. LACROSSE.

Photographs by Bowden Bros.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE JURY OF FATE"—"THE HARLEQUIN KING"—"NOAH'S ARK"—"LA SOURIS."

IT is not unlikely that the verdict of the public will be like that of "The Jury of Fate"—guilty, but the author may have another chance; guilty of making a prodigious fuss about a trifling matter. For when one comes to the kernel of Mr. McLellan's new play, there is little save some tit-bits of melodrama, such as the ordinary dramatist would have served up with more coherence and at greater length, and without all the cackle about destiny and former states of existence. If the play were taken seriously its teaching would be sadly pessimistic—it would merely show that a man is the hopeless victim of his natural instincts, or that he is a mere puppet in the hands of Fate, and that in either event his struggles must be vain. A tawdry melodrama is hardly the fit vehicle for a discussion upon the awful question of Free Will. It is, however, impossible to take it seriously; there is not enough capacity behind the author's doubtless honest effort at writing a philosophy in the form of drama to render his supernatural phenomena more than merely curious and at times a little tiresome. Stage thunder and lightning is effective in inverse ratio to its quantity, and we had a prodigious amount of it. Still, even if there is disappointment in "The Jury of Fate" for those who were led to expect a drama of real importance, it is rich enough in effective pieces of melodrama, in spectacular effects and weird stage-contrivances, to give pleasure to most playgoers, and it won a great deal of applause.

Evidently it is expected that "The Jury of Fate" is to have a long run, for some of the scenery is quite remarkable, and the woodland, with its birch-trees and little waterfall, is a notable theatre-picture. It has the merit of giving Mr. H. B. Irving—not, indeed, a chance of showing the best in him, but at least of displaying a picturesque force and a strong if necessarily superficial study of character. His René will remind many of a picture by his father of a dissolute, drunken rascal, though as the poet the young actor was able to give a fine air to the part and a subtle suggestion of irresponsibility. The contrasted character, that of David, the sober, industrious man, was very well played by Mr. Lang. Miss Crystal Herne acted quite prettily in the part of the simple Yvonne, and probably is not to be blamed for the unsuitability of her first frock: the costumes in many cases were puzzling. Miss Lillah McCarthy, despite her great ability, could do little with the character of the icy temptress. Several minor parts were capitally rendered, notably by Mrs. E. H. Brooke and Messrs. Frank Tyars, F. Reynolds, and D. McCarthy.

"The Harlequin King" seems likely to do great service to the management of the Imperial. It is a romantic comedy, and therefore of the same class as "Monsieur Beaucaire," than which, to the critics at least, it seems a far better work from every point of view. Indeed, it may be suggested that some passages of the dialogue are of notably fine, thoughtful quality, and admirably expressed. Ralph Lothar may well be grateful to Messrs. L. N. Parker and Selwyn Brinton for their admirable version. The particular grounds that have helped to make it triumph on the Continent, the keen satire on kingly majesty and the idea of Divine right, will be of no help in this land,

where *lèse-majesté* by the individual is left unnoticed, and by a newspaper leads to nothing worse than banishment from Conservative Clubs and Smith's—or shall I say Smith's and Wyman's?—bookstalls. However, regarded as picturesque drama, with a strong plot and stirring episodes, and, as far as the character of the old Queen is concerned, embellished by an impressive note of tragedy, its title to success is great. It might, indeed, claim actual greatness if the characters were drawn with a more individual human note; the word "puppet" may be too strong, but one cannot regard the chief persons as more than stage types cleverly handled. There is, indeed, a rather unfortunate touch in making the heroic figure originally assistant to the vile pleasures of Bohemund; nor is one quite surprised that few of the characters think much of the character of Colombina. Still, to many such matters matter little, and the dexterous employment of the Zenda business of impersonation of a King, and the powerful situation one identifies with the last act of "Fédora," will render the play thrilling. Moreover, there are episodes—such as the daring confession by Harlequin to the blind Queen of his assassination of her evil son and assumption of his identity, and the passage between Tancred and the sham King in which Harlequin learns the strength of the power behind the throne and his own weakness—that are admirable and apparently original. Mr. Lewis Waller is at his best in the name-part, and acts with an enthusiasm which infected the audience. I fancy it was intended that Colombina should be a fiercer creature than the girl rendered charmingly and with some tragic force by Miss Evelyn Millard. Mr. McKinnel was quite admirable as Tancred, Mr. Shiel Barry very ingenious as the feeble Ezzo, and Miss Sarah Brooke a vigorous spitfire as his bride. The most noteworthy performance was the superb tragic Queen of Miss Mary Rorke.

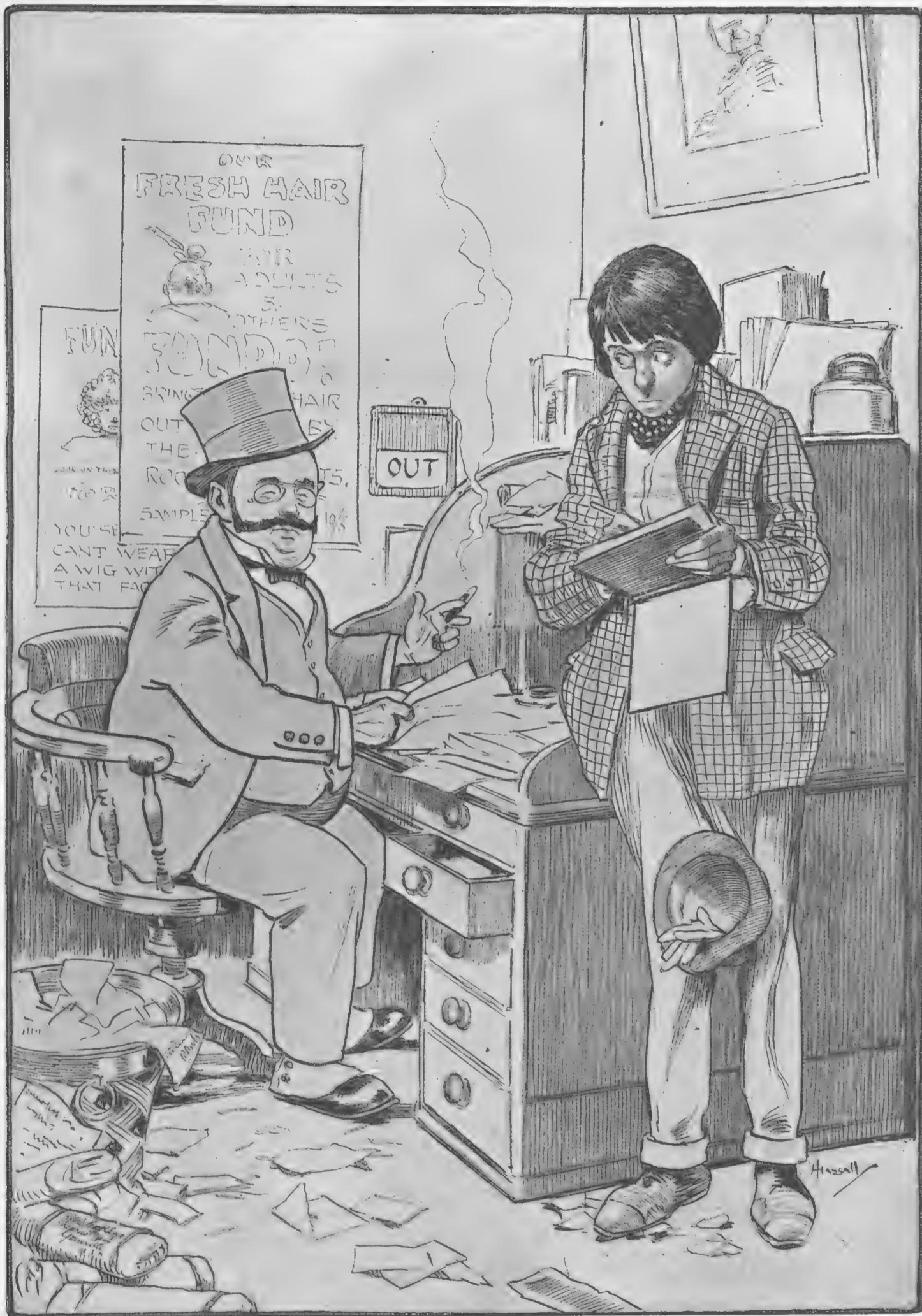


"CINDERELLA," AT THE BRIXTON THEATRE: MISS LILY IRIS AS PRINCE CASIMIR.
Photograph supplied by Bolak.

none the less for that; at any rate, it gives Mr. Harry Paulton the chance of being quite an entertaining Pirate King, with one or two clever songs and some amusing patter; and Miss Madge Lessing makes a very charming schoolgirl, and sings and dances with all her usual vivacity. The music has been recommended for the fact that one of the composers, Mr. Houston Collisson, is a clergyman; it will also please because it is tuneful and has a touch of imagination, without, however, being particularly original.

Next week the opening of the French Theatre in London can be dealt with more fully. At least, one may chronicle a capital start at the rejuvenated and embellished playhouse in Dean Street, where an enthusiastic audience welcomed Madame Réjane and Mesdames Avril, Lender, and Lély and M. Pierre Magnier, who gave a capital performance of Pailleron's pretty play, "La Souris," a work proof against the reproach of being too French, yet lively and entertaining. The French colony turned out in force, and there seems no reason why the success achieved by the German Theatre in London should not at the least be equalled by Mr. Gaston Mayer and his enterprise.

ART, THE MAN, AND THE MANAGER.



POSTER-DESIGNER: And I suppose you'd like some artistic lettering on it?

BUSINESS MANAGER AND PHILISTINE: No, legible, please.

THE PASSING OF THE SAFE:

THE METHODS OF THE SCIENTIFIC SIKES.

THE stocking in which our ancestors hid their savings exists only in legend, now that the creation of fiduciary values, company shares, State securities, and so forth has rendered necessary the use of a safe capable of defying the attacks of thieves and the risk of fire.

At the outset, the safe was a box of hard wood, lined inside and out with pieces of iron held in place by riveted nails or screws; then came the safes of sheet metal fitted on a frame of steel.

Now, it having been found that the system of riveting sheets together still left something to be desired, manufacturers have effected a vast improvement by constructing safes out of a single sheet of very thick metal, bent or rolled at the four corners, thus baffling the efforts of the burglars who were wont to attack the safe at the joints, which they forced apart by means of powerful instruments.

These new designs have not discouraged malefactors; they have suggested to them the creation of special appliances which enable them, without stopping to pick the lock, to remove from the side wall of the safe a circle of metal large enough to allow an arm to be put inside.

One, and an important one, of these tools is formed of an iron hoop furnished with well-tempered steel teeth, which is fixed by means of a central pivot on the safe, after a screw worm has previously been driven in the latter; the instrument then ploughs up a groove in the safe-wall each time it is made to revolve.

THE BURGLAR'S EQUIPMENT AS IT USED TO BE, SHOWING THE CUMBERSOME OUTFIT CARRIED UNDER THE OVERCOAT.

This should be contrasted with the apparatus of the more scientific burglar of to-day, shown in Figures 1 and 3 on the opposite page.

pivot on the safe, after a screw worm has previously been driven in the latter; the instrument then ploughs up a groove in the safe-wall each time it is made to revolve.

The second of the appliances, which we show taken to pieces (Figure 2), is still more ingenious; all its parts may be carried in the pocket, and all it needs for fitting to the safe are two shallow holes, which, by means of the screws V, V', serve to fix the central gear-wheel P. When this toothed wheel is adjusted, the fly C, the head of which is armed with two very sharp boring tools, is fixed on; then by means of the shaft A, and the handle M, the knives are caused to describe a circle; the holes T, T', T'' allow for the increasing or diminishing of the radius of this circle. Figure 5 shows the general appearance of the instrument when ready for use, and Figure 4 illustrates it in operation.

There exist, besides, several styles of appliances no less ingenious, intended for the same purpose, but the majority of them have become inadequate as regards the perforation of the chromated steel at present employed in the manufacture of high-class safes. Science has not left the burglar weaponless, however; the progress accomplished has merely compelled him to obtain higher qualifications, and it must be acknowledged that, in the eternal struggle between the armour-plate and the desperado who would pierce it, the thieves have hitherto had the last word, as not only have they succeeded in forcing open the most refractory safes by using dynamite—as was recently seen in Paris—but they have also been able to melt metal sheets inches thick by means of a product discovered some years since by a German scientist, Mr. Hans Goldschmidt, who gave it the name of "thermit."

The substance in question is in current use for repairing, heating, or soldering large pieces of metal, and consists of a mixture of

aluminium and oxide of iron (the latter being replaced, according to requirement, by oxide of lead, peroxide of sodium, or peroxide of barium). This composition is thoroughly mixed together, or is used in the form of cartridges or tablets, which ignite by means of a piece of magnesium fixed in the substance like a wick, and the heat developed is more than sufficient to cause the hardest steel to melt forthwith.

This process, rapid and silent as it is, and marvellous from the point of view of the result obtained, is not without danger to those practising it, for at the high temperatures produced by it an inexperienced operator runs the risk of burning himself seriously. For this reason the prudent burglar uses accessories which render him secure against all accidents. His eyes being protected by very dark glasses, he places a small quantity of the alumino-thermit mixture in a small crucible, in the bottom of which a little hole has been bored, and ignites it by thrusting into it an iron rod heated to white heat. Reaction thereupon takes place and lasts long enough to allow the operator to charge the crucible again and again, in proportion as the melting of the metal plate is effected, thus making an opening of the desired size in the safe. A simple operation to a skilled man.

Some ten years ago, the Government of the United States, startled by the audacity and skill with which certain thieves had succeeded in forcing open public safes containing considerable sums, opened a competition to decide upon a safe which should be invulnerable. A special Commission was appointed, and to the engineers, chemists, professional experts, etc., was added an ex-burglar, who, having retired from business after making his fortune, was requested to be good enough to favour the jury by contributing the light of his knowledge.

He enlightened them—or rather, he made use of the light which illuminated the room in which the learned assembly sat, to demonstrate that, by the aid of electricity, he could, within a short time, reduce the safes of highest repute to old iron.

For this purpose he took out of his pocket a style in the form of a retort carbon, similar to those used for arc-lamps, a few yards of electric wire, black eye-glasses, and a plate pierced in the middle. It was with this simple outfit, shown in Figure 1, that in less than three minutes he pierced the holes which may be seen in Illustration 3 in a cast-steel safe having walls $\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.

This was his method of procedure: To the electric supply he connected two wires, one of which he fixed on the safe and the other at the extremity of his carbon style, suitably insulated by a wooden handle. Then, having inserted this pencil in the hole of the plate, in order to protect himself against the heat and light, he produced a voltaic arc of immense power between the point of his style and the metal of the safe, thus melting the metal with the greatest ease.

We are indeed far from the time when the burglar had as his sole means of action a set of tools similar to those which may be procured in any ironmonger's.



AN OBSOLETE METHOD: BREAKING OPEN A SAFE BY ATTACKING THE JOINTS, AN OPERATION ENDED BY THE CONSTRUCTION OF SAFES OUT OF A SINGLE SHEET OF METAL.

ELECTRIC-LIGHT TO THE AID OF BILL SIKES :
SOME OF THE SCIENTIFIC BURGLAR'S TOOLS.



1. The modern safe-opener's tools—weight about 11 ounces troy: The carbon style which enables the burglar to produce a voltaic arc giving intense heat, whereby the metal of safes is melted; the smoked glasses and the bored plate which protect him from the heat; and the wire by which his carbon style is attached to ordinary electric-light fittings.

2. The parts of a powerful instrument, with which safes can be cut open.
3. The apparatus shown in Figure 1, and the holes it has made in a cast-steel safe $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick in less than three minutes.
4. The circular cutter shown in Figure 2 in operation.
5. The circular cutter illustrated in Figures 2 and 4 when ready for use.

(See Article on Opposite Page.)



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Sport and Popularity.

Do any forms of sport benefit by popularity? That is a question that often occurs to me, and if I hesitate to reply with a distinct negative it is because one does not like to take a selfish point of view. And yet it is very hard to find an argument in favour of popularity in sport. The cricket and football fields, for example, always hold for me a certain melancholy aspect. I am invariably sorry to see thousands of men and boys engaged in watching one or two dozen athletes exercising themselves.

It is impossible to resist the thought that these thousands would be so much better engaged in taking a long walk or a bicycle ride, or a row upon the river or a swim. They might even be cultivating their gardens; most of them are masters of some small strip of land. But they are seemingly content to watch a game in which they have no part, and to substitute for exercise expressions of approval or disapproval when the side that engages their fancy—and, I am afraid, sometimes carries their money—

MADE FOR SANDRINGHAM BY VILLAGE CRAFTSMEN: A GATE RECENTLY COMPLETED BY THE WORKERS OF THORNHAM, NORFOLK, AND PRESENTED TO THE KING BY HIS HOUSEHOLD.

flatters or disregards their judgment. And, passing from our national games to other pastimes, one notes an unfortunate tendency of the hangers-on to increase in numbers. The people who either exercise no influence upon the progress of an event or one that is distinctly detrimental to it increase and multiply. Shakspere was justified of his remark that "ill weeds grow apace."

A Country Coursing Meeting. A few days ago I went down to a part of the country where there is some excellent coursing, and a small annual meeting was, down to a few years ago, one of the great features of the winter season. It used to be quite a primitive affair. The local publican, himself a breeder of every species of dog that finds a market in the realms of sport, was partly responsible for the meeting's success, for he used to engage the attention, and very often the patronage, of all who came to his inn during the last few months of the year. His pictures of the sport to be obtained were so highly coloured that it was impossible to resist them, and I have known half-a-dozen Londoners to make a point of taking a long journey on purpose to be present. Mine host was always one of the first on the ground. He would drive down in a light covered cart full of sandwiches—great big, substantial affairs, in a mass that must surely have taken three days in the cutting. Bread, cheese, butter, and ale were in abundance. The courses would start at ten o'clock in the morning, when the mists had just cleared off the marshes, and if the prizes were small there was keen competition to obtain them. Not only our village, but two or three villages in the immediate neighbourhood made holiday on that occasion, and points were almost as keenly noted by the spectators as by the judge himself.

Then and Now. I went down again after the lapse of a year or two, and found that the coursing meeting had become popular. A small crowd came off the train in the early

morning, including half-a-dozen gentlemen whose profession it is to lay the odds, and a little gang of hangers-on whose business it is to earn a living in a crowd, honestly if they can. In place of the old refreshment-cart, an outlying barn belonging to one of the marsh farmers had been stocked heavily, and many *soi-disant* gentlemen who came down for sport found the beer and whisky so much more to their taste than the keen, cold air that, as far as I could see, they spent most of their day in the shelter of the barn, with the result that at nightfall several were too merry to be allowed to drive themselves home, and on the following morning some few had occasion to lament the loss of money they had never wagered and trinkets that they prized. It was not for nothing that certain country-loving hooligans had come down to see the sport.

Hodge and the Cockneys.

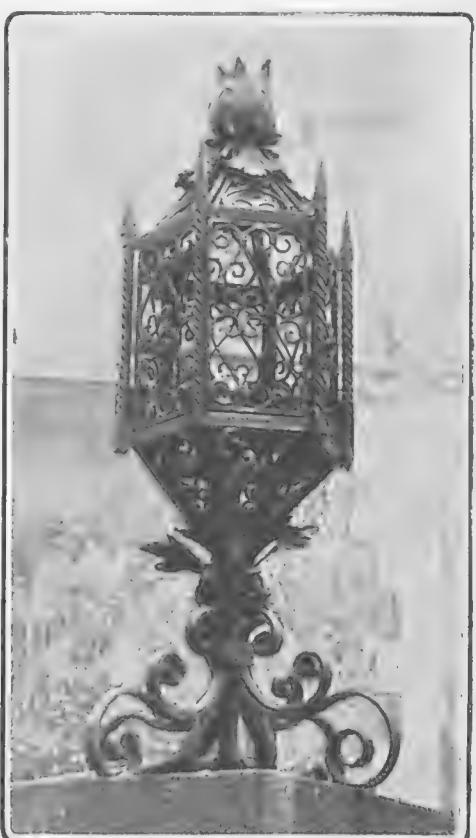
Another curious point that I noticed in connection with the coursing meeting was that the villagers did not turn up in their usual numbers. The very "doggy" men were there; so, too, were some of those who never lose the chance of a holiday; but the steady-going, hard-working folk, whose liking was more for the course than for any of the things associated with it, were conspicuous by their absence. I am not going to suggest that this was due to the meeting's modern developments. It may be that the villagers were otherwise engaged, but the fact remains, and it is a curious one. Certainly the sport was not improved by the presence of the bookmakers, and certainly there was more drink flowing than was necessary either to the well-being of the meeting or the quality of the sport.

The Excuse for Grumbling.

Perhaps the real cause for complaint lies less in the increasing popularity of sport than in its degeneration. Gates and betting and drinking

to excess are among the inevitable results of enhanced popularity, and now, in these days of increased railway facilities, advertisement, and the rest, no place within reasonable distance of a big town is safe from the dangers of invasion. Ten or twelve years ago, we could shoot or hunt or fish in peace. One season was like another, and if the height of summer brought a stranger or two into the neighbourhood, they were regarded quite kindly, but with a feeling akin to astonishment. Nowadays, everybody who has a house to let in the summer season can find a tenant. Small landowners can let their shootings; the size of the field sometimes perplexes the Master, and tends seriously to annoy old-fashioned farmers; while the country folk themselves, hearing from stray Cockneys who reach the district a lurid story of London's delights, are making haste to leave the land. And yet,

but for the ever-growing attention that is given to sport, the sleepy villages of which I write might have remained as they were intended to remain—"far from the madding crowd."

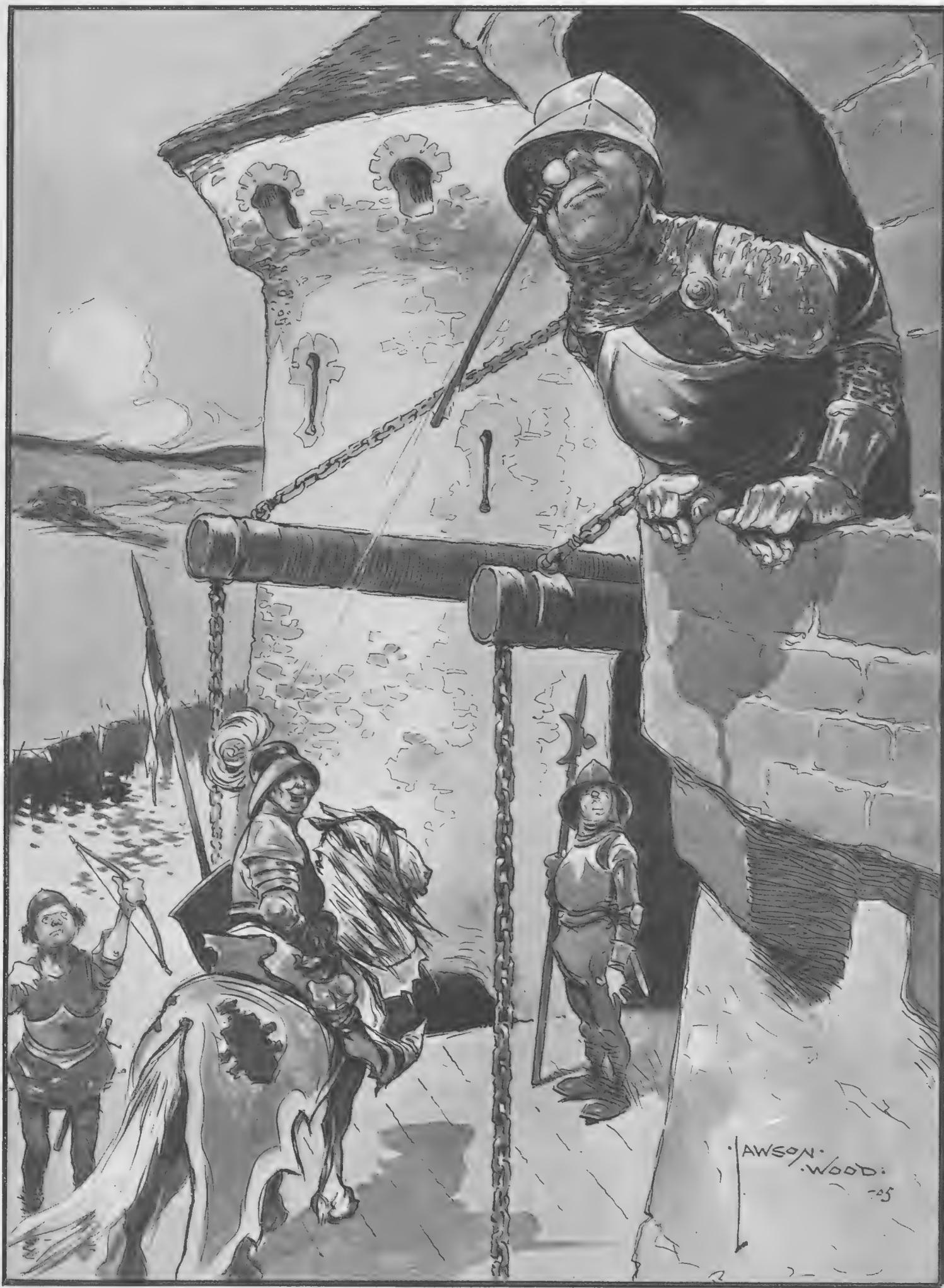


VILLAGE WORK FOR A ROYAL RESIDENCE: A LAMP AT YORK COTTAGE, MADE AT THORNHAM.

Many of the villagers of Thornham, Norfolk, employ their working hours in the making of articles of wrought iron, and the results of their efforts may be seen not only at Sandringham and at York Cottage, but in various parts of England and Scotland, and in Australia. Only local men are employed in the industry, and the whole of the work is hand-wrought.

ORIGINS OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

(According to a "Sketch" Historian.)



III.—WHY IT IS USUAL TO LEAVE A CARD ON MAKING A FORMAL CALL.

Montmorency de Smythe calls upon the Baron Heavylist, but the Baron, deeming that his general health will be bettered thereby, prefers to be "not at home." De Smythe thereupon contents himself by desiring an attendant to leave substantial proof of his visit with the warden of the keep.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE *Times* Book Club has suspended aggressive operations, and until these are resumed we cannot tell with any precision what effect the institution has had upon the *Times* and upon the English book trade. But a well-informed writer in the *Publishers' Circular* has attempted a review up to date. He says that the dust and din have been tremendous, but there has been more fear than actual slaughter so far. No new net book has been sold under the published price. The *Times* Book Club has given and stood by a definition of secondhand books which is more conservative than that apparently adopted by many of the older lending libraries, and if all lending libraries could see their way to accept and abide by this definition the understanding would be very beneficial to authors and the trade generally. The writer sums up by saying that the trade will no doubt show its good sense by discounting the cries of the extremists on both sides, by watching events, and by guiding its policy so as best to serve the interests of the public; for he who serves the public best will fare best in the long run.

For the present, at all events, the booksellers are doing good business. We may take as final authorities the reports published in the *Bookman* by the chief wholesale houses in England and in Scotland respectively. The English house says, under date Dec. 20: "Orders from all parts are very heavy, and it is evident that the trade of the present season is materially above the average of recent years." The Scottish house reports to a similar effect: With indications of improved business, booksellers prepared liberally for the customary Christmas trade, and as all intended season's books had now been published, they awaited customers' requirements. Both firms report a very good run for biographical books; but the six-shilling novel is still by far the leading line of business.

John Oliver Hobbes declares that her latest book, "The Flute of Pan," is in reality the "only true picture of modern Court life that has been written in recent years," and, to back the statement, quotes from a letter written to her by the Princess of Wales, in which Her Royal Highness is enthusiastic over the author's accuracy in depicting Court life.

In the *Cornhill* Mr. Stanley Weyman commences a new story, "Chippinge," which promises to give a graphic picture of the great days of Lord Brougham. Mr. Weyman has clearly made a close study of Brougham's history. Take this: "His worst enemy could not lay dulness to his charge; nor could he who lectured the Whitbreads on brewing, who explained their art to opticians, who vied with Talleyrand in the knowledge of French literature, who wrote eighty articles for the first twenty numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, be called a sluggard.... Henry Brougham—so for some time after his elevation to the Peerage he persisted in signing himself—was at this time at the zenith of his life, as of his fame. Tall, but lean and ungainly, with a

long neck and sloping shoulders, he had one of the strangest faces genius had ever worn. His clownish features, his high cheekbones, and queer bulbous nose are familiar to us; for, something exaggerated by the caricaturist, they form week by week the trailing mask which mars the cover of *Punch*. Yet was the face, with all its ugliness, singularly mobile; and the eyes, the windows of that restless and insatiable soul, shone, sparkled, laughed, wept, with incredible brilliance. That which he did not know, that which his mind could not perform—save sit still and be discreet—no man had ever discovered. And it was the knowledge of this,

the sense of the strange and almost uncanny versatility of the man, which for a moment overpowered Vaughan." This is the view which Brougham would have liked to be taken, but an impartial posterity will probably judge Brougham very much as Macaulay judged him in his famous letter to Macvey Napier.

A very well-informed literary gossip makes a tremendous suggestion. He takes the "Upton Letters," the "House of Quiet," the "Thread of Gold," and the Essays in the *Cornhill Magazine* entitled "From a College Window," as all from one hand. He says: "The world must welcome a new essayist of distinction who, taking into consideration other literary work to be conjecturally attributed to the same hand, is also remarkably fertile." The suggestion evidently is that all these works proceed from Mr. Arthur Benson, who has given us several books under his own name. If this be so, Mr. Benson's facility and versatility are formidable indeed. He is quite capable of supplying enough copy to occupy a very respectable little publishing house. But I question whether his range is so wide as all that.

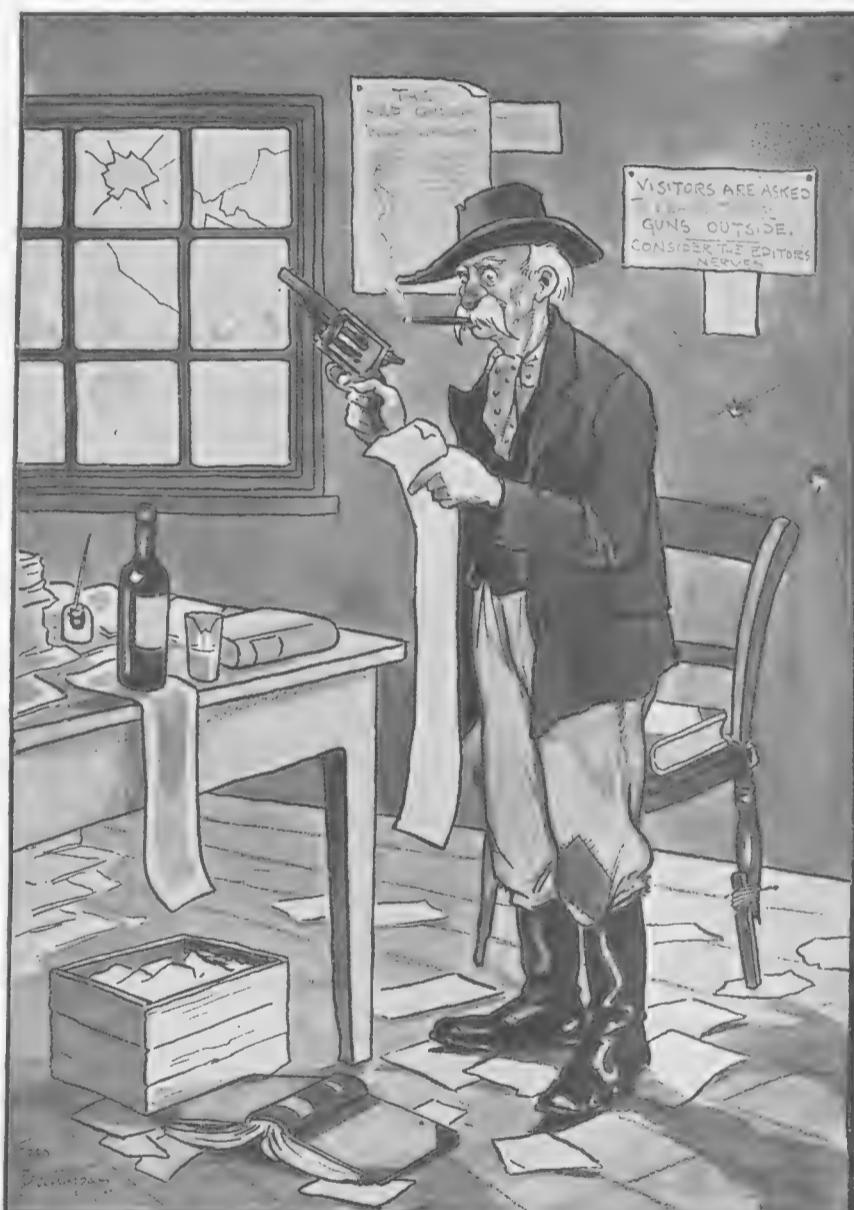
A new India-paper edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe is to be published in four handy volumes. It will contain "some personal recollections of Poe by Richard Henry Stoddard, a Life of the poet by G. Mercer Adams, and a series of contemporary estimates of

Poe by Lowell, Willis, Griswold, and others. Each volume includes a frontispiece in tint, and facsimiles of letters."

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson wrote their "Automobile Stories" entirely out of doors. At their Cap Martin home in the South of France they built shelters in the grounds where they can work out of doors, even in mid-winter. In the spring they go to the Black Forest in their motor-car.

Lucas Malet has just finished another novel, to the writing of which she has devoted the better part of four years. She is of opinion that her best work is done on a large canvas.

The late William Sharp left a good many manuscripts. There will be two papers by him in early numbers of the *Century* on Travels o.o.



A MAKER OF HISTORY.

THE EDITOR of "The Red Gulch War-Whoop": Well, durn me if that ain't the roughest luck. Ha'f a column of obituary notes wanted, and now I'll have ter go an' kill a man or two ter git material, jest when I'm busiest.

Poe by Lowell, Willis, Griswold, and others. Each volume includes a frontispiece in tint, and facsimiles of letters."

NEW COVERS FOR OLD SONGS:

III.—MR. THOMAS HOBBS'S SETTING OF SEDLEY'S "PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY."



"Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,

Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE QUEEN COMES HOME VICTORIOUS.

By HERBERT SHAW.

God gives us feelings we cannot understand.
—One of Many Women.

TWO men and a woman—and the world asks for causes every time. Why, there were just two men and a woman—that is Cause. Maclareen knew things; Blair was not a child. Maclareen had been unlucky, and he had white hair and sunken eyes; pity alone is enough to go twice round the heart of a woman, and leave a little over. Blair was a silent man—perhaps too silent. Even if there is a big deal on hand, and much work thereat, it is not good always to bring silence home. . . .

Blair came home and was silent through dinner, and sat long afterwards, looking at his wife. She bore it for some time, but fidgeted at last.

"Why are you so absurd to-night?" said she.

"When I do not talk I think with you. Can two people live together and not know one another's thoughts at least a little?"

He leant forward in his chair and took her hand. Her free hand crushed a tiny handkerchief; the fingers opened and closed again. "Never take a step you cannot pull back, dearest."

"I don't know what you mean," she cried. The handkerchief dropped to the floor, falling straight because it had been crushed so tightly.

"You do," said Blair, and smiled. She hated herself in that minute, because she resented the kindly smile.

Her passage across the room was a symphony of remonstrance. The journey finished, she looked back. If Blair had turned his head the door would not have opened.

The door closed gently.

He stooped for the handkerchief, and laid it (next to the ash-tray) on the little table near him. Maclareen would have folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. To Blair it was a handkerchief on the floor; to Maclareen it would have been something that was hers.

For an hour Blair sat in company of the fire. It is good company, making little kindly words now and again, and sudden warm interjections of flame.

"I think I left my handkerchief here," she said; and sat down, half afraid.

He handed it to her. Somehow the clock had become a live, intrusive thing.

"You do," he said again. In that hour no time had passed for either of them, and the clock was a jangling lie.

"Don't take it—that is all. I was long before I married, because I always had the feeling that I could not be bound. I thought that, no matter who the woman was, even if she were a queen, I would very soon get tired. But you are still the queen to me you were."

Her eyes softened. Surely a magic of the fire was on Blair, that so many words should come.

"Do you remember how you used to cry to me, 'You will have forgotten all about me in six months!' And how I used to kiss you, and soften that cruel pain at your heart? 'It hurts here,' you used to cry, your hands at your breast. 'You will forget, and go. . . .'

"That was long ago, but mine has lasted. I have never been tired of you for a minute. There is no day I have been away that I would not have preferred to be here with you. I am not tired now. You are to me what I had dreamed before I knew you. You are to me what you were when I first met you. (There was sun upon the cliffs, and a brown-sailed boat at sea.) You will never change for me. It is, perhaps, a little thing to say, but I was never a man for other women before I met you. Yet I have known women and understood them as far as most men can understand."

In all his life he had never spoken so much at one time. He went quickly away. He was again the Blair with the big deal to be engineered and made complete.

She stared into the fire. She thought of herself, of Maclareen, who had suffered so much, of the vast world beyond the walls of that room. The fire spoke to her in many gentle voices, but a leaping flame was her discontent, her longing, and the world beyond the room.

Blair's days (and half his nights) were with the big deal which was his dream. His clerks went from the office and left him there; and in the slow night he worked and dreamed. Oh, to win out with this thing—to be independent and free! . . . Oh, to have the city beaten at last, to ask no more favours of any man! . . .

Once, mad and overtired, he spoke to the soft grey dawn—

"I hate money, but I must have it. That's all they value a man for now—because he can open his hand and show gold there. And I'll have it; then I'll be quit of the stupid city and be free. I'll travel, and make her happy. The things I'll buy her!"

Maclareen argued it out with a little green idol on his table. For

further justification, behind him stretched the long troop of Men Who had Done the Same.

"I'm not a baby, nor she; we're both grown people. I married; it broke me down nearly into hell. She's dead. I can't be sorry. It's only back to elemental things, after all—when the man of a tribe beat down a door if he wished it so, and came out to meet the wind with a woman in his arms. I make her happy; that makes the thing good. Blair's weak, a dreamer—he's not her man."

He drew the green idol to him, and it seemed as though a leer flickered on its face. He thought of her, of new lands for them both. Behind was Blair, a weak and futile shadow. The grinning evil of the idol's face was intolerable; he placed it on an unwritten letter, and went out.

She waited nervously in a tea-shop. (Against a tinkling background of tea and cake London makes her finest efforts in the way of changing her children's lives.) Her face was faint and without colour

"Sometimes I hate you," she said.

"I prefer to be hated in your way," said Maclareen, and looked her in the eyes. He went on, easy and confident.

"I'll write to you, then. At Harwich, the night boat—there are big lights that show the steamer there. They'll light us across the sea."

He left her in the Strand, and watched her among the people. She turned and came back. Before she spoke his careful justifying weakened, and a queer memory of the idol's grin was in his mind.

"Please don't have anything more to do with me," she said. "Don't write that letter. Please, please don't. . . ."

She had gone. A newsboy pushed into Maclareen on the pavement and shouted, "White News, Sun, and Star!"

In the nights of a week whose days were terrible years Maclareen walked about the city's streets. Finally, he moved the idol and wrote on the blank sheet which it had guarded. The end of that letter was that on Harwich Quay, by night, two people talked insane and stupid commonplaces for the first five minutes of their meeting. They stood in shadow, away from the flaring direction-lights which pointed the road to the Antwerp boat.

I do not know exactly how the splendid minute came about at last. It may have been that the memory of the idol's grin worked upon Maclareen, toppling over in an instant all his buttressed confidence of right; or else that she shrank, suddenly and without reason, from his touch upon her arm. Anyway, he turned, and started at the dim vision of her face. His whisper, "We're wrong," was a searching cry.

"Oh, I don't know," she said pitifully. "I don't know."

In the splendid minute of strength that the gods gave them then they saw one another as stronger and less pitiful creatures than they had thought themselves to be. Her heart called to her to speak, but out of that radiant silence the man came first.

"We made a mistake. It shan't be for you—I'll never be more glad of anything than that. You're going back. It's not a light thing, this law; it takes a weak man to break it, not a strong one. Don't you see how great it is? It's the image now—a far finer thing. I'll clear from England to-morrow, and everywhere . . . that will be clear and sweet and without stain."

He stooped and kissed her. She thrilled with a feeling so beautiful and fragile that it was far beyond all the passion of the world. "There isn't any shame," he cried. "I'll swear there's no shame in that, for you or me."

The noises of the boat were like a grand chorus, because it was leaving these two there. She said, "Isn't the world good? It makes us suffer so—but then we understand." They walked back slowly to the real in life.

"I know that," replied Maclareen, to the station-master. "I want a special."

Silent, Blair sat with the fire and the clock, which to-night were both bad company. He waited for the house to yield a sound; and it is not good waiting through a century for nothing to happen.

At the end of the century his wife stood there, holding out to him the letter Maclareen had written. He took it, saw the writing, and looked long at her. She did not speak, but her eyes were undisturbed.

Blair read no further. He leant forward carefully, and put the letter on the fire. A flame came to it. Slowly the flame blazed round the letter. The writing showed for a second on the thin black fabric, which swayed and crumbled and fell.

"I've won," said Blair. "I've pulled it off to-day—I'm rich at last. I'm very tired of all that, Grace, now it's done and over. I'm glad you came."

The red fire was wonderfully grateful to her after the journeys of the night. She dropped beside him upon the floor; and, with her head against his knee and his hand caressing her hair, they waited for their great dawn.

THE END.

DO YOU MOTOR-SKATE?



AWFUL PREDICAMENT OF JONES ON TESTING HIS MOTOR-SKATES.

Jones, who has returned from the Paris show with a pair of motor-skates, tries his purchase in the Park, exceeds the speed-limit, forgets how to work the brake, and finds himself in some danger of arrest.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

SOMEONE whispered nervously to a neighbour. One or two men lifted their heads and drew quick breaths. People glanced from side to side, and a few feet shuffled uneasily. Then a tiny puff of smoke came from the left wing and travelled as far as the middle of the stage. Its effect was instantaneous.

"Fire!" shrieked a shrill voice, and a woman started up frantically. "Fire! Fire!"

In an instant the huge theatre was a seething, swaying mass; from all sides burst screams, sobs, and oaths. For a few seconds people were pushed in purposeless groups hither and thither. Then suddenly the crowd broke into rocking, unwieldy sections, each pushing, fighting, tearing towards the exit nearest it.

In the middle of the stalls, very still, sat a group of three. The Woman was in the middle, the Husband on her right, the Other Man on her left. For the first few seconds it seemed as if they must be swept off their seats. Then, with a quick movement, the Other Man wheeled half round on his chair, put one hand on the back of the Woman's seat and the other on the seat before her. The Husband silently followed his example. Their hands met in a steady grip behind and in front of her. Thus till the rush was over they formed a human cage for her protection.

"Thank you," she said quietly, when the middle of the theatre was deserted. "I couldn't have borne to be touched by such—animals." She gave a hurried glance at the nearest mass of humanity and then fixed her eyes determinedly on the smoke-clouded stage in front. "What do they remind one of?" she asked, as though thinking aloud.

It was the Other Man who answered. "Pigs," he said contemptuously; "pigs, when the trough has just been filled."

She half turned her head towards him. "Yes," she said gravely; "they do look like that."

Suddenly the fireproof curtain began to move.

"Oh, thank God! the curtain!" shrieked a fashionably dressed woman, her face made hideous by fear.

A sea of other faces, stamped with every shade of terror and ferocity, turned towards the stage at the cry. For an instant the tumult sank to something like silence. Then it rose again.

"It's stuck! Oh, it's stuck!"—and the fight for life continued in all its sickening savagery.

"Have we any chance?" asked the Woman simply. For a moment neither answered. Then again it was the Other Man who spoke.

"Unless they get the curtain down in time, none," he answered. "There are no other exits; I know the place well. It won't be the fire probably, but the—smoke. In a minute or two we must move further back from it." He spoke with admirable restraint.

And then suddenly the Husband stood up. They both turned towards him. His face was grey, and his lips trembled.

"Not this way," he murmured in a shaking voice, "ah, merciful heaven, not again *this* way!"

The Woman quivered as beneath a lash, and her face grew white.

"John!" she said sharply, "John!"

He started slightly. "Yes?"

She would not let her eyes meet his. "Please go away," she said in a low voice.

He hesitated a moment. "What for?" he asked. She stirred impatiently. "Oh, I don't care. Get a whisky-and-soda if you know where to find it, or—or perhaps you'd better leave out the soda; I mean—" She paused, shuddering. "Only go," she added faintly.

What did she mean? Did she know what she was saying? Probably not, he decided. What had he said himself a minute ago? He could not remember. What did anything matter now? He went without a word.

The Other Man stared straight in front of him. His face was a mask. For a minute they sat very still. Then he turned round.

"Come," he said in an ordinary voice, "it is time to move."

She gave him her hand, and he helped her over chairs and wooden forms till they were at the back of the pit. "Here?" she asked.

"No," he said, and spread his coat on the floor; "here, please. The nearer the ground, the less smoke, you know."

She sat down silently, and motioned him to share the coat. Then suddenly she laughed.

"It's queer, isn't it," she said, "that we should think about getting our clothes dusty—now?"

He did not answer. He was twisting a button on his overcoat round and round; it came off in his hand. Suddenly he spoke. "You are very brave," he said.

She drew a quivering breath. "I'm trying to be brave enough for two," she said in a low voice.

He made no reply: he did not want to understand.

"I'm glad," she added hurriedly, "that we moved. Perhaps—he will not find us here."

He turned swiftly, with a rush of joy. "Elizabeth!" he cried. "Then you are content, here, with me?"

She brushed her hand across her eyes. "Oh, I don't know what I'm saying. I only know I'm angry and sore. I don't want to die; but if I've got to, I'd rather be near somebody brave like—like you."

"Elizabeth," he said passionately, "don't you know I love you?"

She started. "Oh, hush!" she murmured. "It is so near—the end."

"That is just why," he said, and laughed recklessly. "In a few minutes it must all be over. Haven't we a right to make the most of them? Do you love me, Elizabeth?" He drew her towards him, and she did not resist. She was thinking of the greyness of her husband's face as she had last seen it.

"Yes," she said, "I believe I do."

"Say it again," he urged, "without the 'I believe.'"

The smoke was getting rapidly thicker. She tried not to think of it.

"I love my love with a B," she said flippantly, "because he is brave, and I hate my—him with a C, because he is a Coward—a Coward!"

His arms relaxed suddenly. "Ah, dear, don't!" he cried. "Is that all?"

"All?" she echoed. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," he said bitterly; "I'm a cad, but not as bad as all that. Are you blind? Don't you know what was the matter with him?"

"He was in mortal fear," she whispered.

Neither of them noticed that in front of the blazing stage the fireproof curtain had suddenly finished its arrested descent, nor the semi-lull that ensued.

"Yes," he cried, "in mortal fear—of losing you. Don't you know what happened to his father and mother? Didn't you even wonder what he meant by 'Not again this way'?"

She shook her head. "Wives know so little of their husband's bachelor experiences," she reminded him with a wan smile.

"They were burnt in America," he said, "like this, in a theatre. He was with them; the flooring gave way, taking them both with it, and leaving him on the broken edge, safe."

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she murmured. "I didn't know. What have I done?"

"He told me once," he went on, "that it had left him with the feeling that fire would never touch him, but that to think of anyone he cared for being in a fire made him—well, what you saw."

They were silent for an instant. "Hullo!" he said suddenly, "they've got the curtain down."

They stood up. Firemen and policemen were everywhere.

"No danger! No danger!"

The words passed from mouth to mouth, and though they were not strictly true, the effect of the lowered curtain was magical. The crowds were perceptibly thinner, noticeably calmer, but round each exit were gruesome proofs of the violence of the panic.

"Elizabeth!"

They looked at each other. "It's John," she said faintly.

"Yes," he said, and his smile was bitter, "it's John. Good-bye. Forget it all, Elizabeth. Do you know"—he looked at his watch—"it's all happened in under ten minutes?"

"Really?" she said. "It doesn't seem possible." But her eyes were searching for her husband.

He noticed it. "Elizabeth!" he said, half shamefacedly.

"Yes."

"You are going to make up to him somehow for—for saying that to him?"

Her eyes softened and she held out her hand. "That was nice of you," she said gently. "Yes, I am going to make up to him."

"Elizabeth!" He had found her at last. The Other Man slipped away. "I've found a way," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Come along."

"Oh," she cried, "you've hurt your hand; it's bleeding."

He held out the other to her. "No, no; it's nothing. I had rather a bother with the doors and windows. That's why I've been so long."

She followed him silently.

When they were in a hansom, and on their way home there was an awkward silence. Elizabeth had just finished bandaging his hand with the aid of both their handkerchiefs.

"Dear," he said at last, "would you mind telling me why you—you asked me to go away?"

She looked at him with a reproachful pout. "Must you inquire into all your wife's weaknesses?" she asked.

"I only wondered—"

"Of course," she interrupted, "I knew you would, and I meant to tell you. But you'll despise me. You've got a very unheroic wife, John. When I asked you to go I was—was nearly dead with fright, and I couldn't bear you to see it; so I said the first thing I thought of to get rid of you while I got over it. I didn't know what I was saying, John. But—but I did get over it."

He bent and kissed her, and his voice was very tender. "You darling, it's all right," he said. "Do you know"—he laughed light-heartedly—"I've been worrying like anything about it. I fancied you thought I was in a funk about myself. You—you seemed to mean that."

She stared at him; then burst out laughing. "Oh, you dear, darling old stupid!" she cried. "Don't you know yet that women never mean what they seem to mean?"

He made a mock gesture of despair. "So now that you seem to mean you are—well, rather fond of me, Elizabeth, what do you really mean?"

She smiled up at him swiftly. "That I consider you perfect," she whispered.

Upstairs in her own room Elizabeth wandered to the window. Her eyes were troubled. Suddenly she knelt down and buried her face in her hands. "Please," she said, with a little sob, and with no consciousness of the oddity of her demand, "please don't let him ever remember that I told him to leave out the s-soda."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IF Mr. Sidney Bowkett goes on writing plays in the style of "The Lucky Miss Dean" and "The Superior Miss Pellender" he is likely to become most popular with managers and most unpopular with actors. In the latter comedy, which Mr. Cyril Maude will produce at the Waldorf next Wednesday evening, the cast is limited to

six characters, practically the same number as in "The Lucky Miss Dean." Shortcasts, of course, mean a small salary list for the managers. On the other hand, they mean that fewer actors have the opportunity of "getting a shop," to use the slang of the profession, and from their point of view it is a case of "the more the merrier." The lengthening of the cast is, however, usually by the multiplication of small parts, which mean small salaries, so that the managerial profits are not very largely encroached upon, for when plays are really a success, they make enormous sums of money. So large are the profits, indeed, that, until the manager has had a great success, he is scarcely in a position to appreciate the possibilities of the business end



THE CHIEF OF THE "TENNESSEE STUDENTS"
AT THE PALACE: MISS ABIE MITCHELL.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

of his venture, though he may have been in management for a long time.

"The Superior Miss Pellender" makes use of the services only of Mr. Maude and Mr. Robert Bottomley among the men, while the ladies will be played by Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Dagmar Wiehe and Miss Madge Titheradge, two of the prettiest of our younger actresses, who were at the Haymarket Theatre last season, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who has left the cast of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Adelphi, whose place has been taken by Miss Faden.

Mr. Bowkett's comedy will be preceded by Mr. Edward Knoblauch's adaptation of "Asile de Nuit," "The Partik'ler Pet," played by Mr. Maude, Mr. Percival Stevens, and Mr. C. N. Graham. The demand for tickets for this interesting occasion has been overwhelming, and the seating capacity of even the largest theatres being limited, a great many people will perchance have to be disappointed.

Next Tuesday afternoon Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker will revive Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Electra" of Euripides, at the Court, where it will be acted for six performances, spread over three weeks, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison and Miss Edyth Oliver will be Electra and Clytemnestra; Mr. J. H. Barnes will be an Old Man, Mr. Edmund Waller will be a Messenger, while the other parts will be taken by Mr. Harcourt Williams (Orestes), Mr. Stratton Rodney (a Peasant), Mr. F. Lloyd (Pylades), Mr. Lewis Casson (Castor), with Miss Gertrude Scott as Leader of Chorus.

This evening marks an important epoch in the career of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre, for Mr. Bourchier's successful revival registers its hundredth performance. Realising that the event should be marked with the modern equivalent of a white stone, the popular actor-manager has decided to present each member of the audience with a souvenir designed by Mr. Charles Buchel.

To-morrow afternoon, Miss Kate Rorke will begin the duties at the Guildhall School of Music to which she was appointed a few weeks ago. The management of the school has reason to congratulate itself very heartily on the appointment of its newest "Professor,"

though it need hardly be said that Miss Rorke does not intend to adopt any such title, any more than she intends to give up the active service of her own art, in which she is as interested and as enthusiastic as she was in the days when she was the ideal English *ingénue* of the drama. Miss Rorke believes firmly that there is a great deal of undiscovered talent, and at the Guildhall School she will endeavour to find some of it. Her lessons will be practical, and will consist in the rehearsing of scenes and plays, so that she may have the opportunity of teaching her pupils what to avoid rather than what to do. In this way she will allow their individuality full scope for its development in a manner which is impossible when a teacher says "You must do this and that." "The Professor of Negation," as one of her friends has humorously put it, is what Miss Rorke is setting out to be, and everyone realises that there is much to be said for her point of view.

There is one subject on which a curious and entirely erroneous impression has been promulgated. This is by attributing to Miss Rorke the statement that we have no competent actresses, or words to that effect. What Miss Rorke has said—and it is with great pleasure that *The Sketch* puts the matter in its real light—is that we have not in London, so far as is known, any *ingénue* actress capable of playing strong emotional parts, though Miss Rorke believes such actresses must exist, if only they could have the opportunity of demonstrating the fact. At the time Miss Rorke was supposed to have made the sweeping assertion about our dearth of actresses, she actually expressed the opinion that we might have to wait another century before we should get an actress with the wealth of individual charm with which Miss Ellen Terry is endowed, and nearly as long for another with the great dramatic genius of Mrs. Kendal. That is surely an entirely different thing from saying we have no actresses to-day.

It is a long time since a single performance has been so prolific of promise for the future as the matinée of "The Interlude of Youth," which was given on Monday at the Great Queen Street Theatre.

All readers of *The Sketch* will no doubt remember the very beautiful illustrations which were published a few weeks ago at the time of its original performance at the Bloomsbury Hall by the English Drama Society. Now the Society is contemplating a programme of exceptional interest if only sufficient support is forthcoming. Among the productions thus contemplated are Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," in which the survivors of the dead Shelley Society, formed by Dr. F. J. Furnivall in order to produce "The Cenci," should be willing to lend a helping hand; Ibsen's "Ghosts"; Browning's "Pippa Passes," a work which many people have from time to time been anxious to vivify on the stage, and a cycle of certain Shakspere plays.

Shakspere, however, is so often being produced in the regular way that Browning's and Shelley's works, which from their nature the modern theatre-goers have no opportunity of seeing, must of necessity claim precedence of interest, even though the English Drama Society select from Shakspere works which do not usually come within the scope of the regular theatre. The Society, unlike most others, does not take subscriptions, as it does not bind itself to future performances; though it need hardly be said it will be glad to accept any donations to help in the purchase of costumes, properties, etc.



MILLE. DE DIO, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE IN A SENSATIONAL SERIES OF DANCES WITH FIRE AND WATER EFFECTS.

KEY-NOTES

THE New Year is nearly always ushered in with a series of concerts dealing more or less with the thoughts of the season. At the Queen's Hall, however, Mr. Henry Wood seemed to disregard this particular idea, and he gave us a concert which was more or less built upon the ideal of an ordinary Symphony entertainment. The New Year has so much romance about itself that it was possibly a pity that Mr. Henry Wood did not care to celebrate it in the old-fashioned style. Yet his programme was most carefully chosen, and the forces under his control played wonderfully well. There was, perchance, some subtle meaning in the selection of the Funeral March from "Die Götterdämmerung," and that subtle meaning may possibly be found in the playing - out of the Old Year, even as Wagner wrote this particular score for the death of Siegfried. A wonderful performance was given of the Overture to "Tannhäuser." Again, one was interested to know the precise value which might be attached to this work, which, after all, shows the ideal of Tannhäuser rising out of the Venusburg into the New Year of his future destiny. At the same concert Schubert's wonderful "Unfinished Symphony" was given, and again one felt the sympathy which Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir George Grove felt for that great composer when they journeyed to Germany in order to find the scores which Schubert had left behind him.

Mr. Wood thoroughly understands Schubert. He knows the curious vitality, and at the same time the equally curious mournfulness which invariably belong to the work of that most unhappy composer. In the Andante, the conductor was simply wonderful, and above all things he realised precisely the meaning of pianissimo. One is inclined to think that the test of a great conductor lies exactly in this point: Can he, or can he not, persuade his orchestra to play with so remote a feeling that the pianissimo passages are absolutely realised? Mr. Wood has that particular quality, and the manner in which he realised the perfect pianissimo of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony made one feel that here one met a musician of the very highest qualities, and of brilliant mastership over his orchestra.

At the Albert Hall one always looks forward to a careful and reasonable performance of Handel's "Messiah," the great forces under the control of the Royal Choral Society being, of course, directed by Sir Frederick Bridge. As a rule we consider that Sir Frederick Bridge, with all his enthusiasms, all his special musical undertakings, his lectures, and his inimitable high spirits, should be marked out as one of the greatest and keenest members of the musical body of England. But the interpretation of Handel's "Messiah" on New Year's Day given by this society under Sir Frederick Bridge's direction rather made us pause in our admiration. We know, of course, that the conductor of the Royal Choral Society is a very busy

man; but we thought that he loved Handel's art more than his business. At any rate, to cut the matter short, he did not even attempt to make any possible sensation such as that which Handel himself intended to be made in a very serious mood. Just to take one example, the chorus, "For Unto us a Child is Born," was run through with a sort of express meaning which did not really reach the meaning of the composer. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies alone among the choristers redeemed the whole situation by his virile and cultivated singing, by the noble quality of his voice, and by the splendid inspiration which seemed to arouse in him all the very finest qualities of his artistic temperament. Madame Clara Butt sang "O Thou that Tellest" and "He was Despised" extremely well, even though she was suffering from a slight cold. We regret that her cold should have prevented her from singing at what the ordinary person would call her best; but her voice in its quieter condition struck us as being very much more impressive, more nobly artistic, and more tender than it seems in the times when she uses it with perhaps a little exaggeration.

Edvard Grieg is to give London the privilege of another visit in the early days of spring. He will be associated with his wife, who, as we all know, is a musician of much distinction. The Directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra have offered him an engagement which begins on May 17, and on that date he will be in our midst. Then he will conduct an Orchestral Concert, the items of which will be from works selected entirely from his own compositions. A week after he will play the pianoforte at the same hall, in what is now called a Chamber Concert, and the works included at that concert will be entirely of his own composition. Grieg's personality is so extraordinary, his influence upon the musical world has been so strangely remote and yet immediate in its value, that it is right that he should be acknowledged as one of the great musicians of our own time. There is scarcely a school of pianoforte teaching which does not embody some of the works of Grieg. His recognition in the Western world is at the present moment absolute. His visit to London should be looked forward to by every amateur who cares about the art of music in its most delicate and in its most attenuated mood. By that we do not mean to say that Grieg is not a great composer; but the fact remains that he composes not so much for the robust nations of the West as for those curious and neurotic countries which in music have culminated in the name of Edvard Grieg, and in drama in the name of Henrik Ibsen.

The San Carlo Opera House at Naples is always on the alert for new productions and new singers. Mr. Frederick d'Erlanger has written an opera to a libretto of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." During the winter season this opera is to be produced, and we trust that it will make a great success. Some eight or nine years ago the composer's "Inez Mendo" was produced at Covent Garden, and met with considerable success. Mr. d'Erlanger takes much interest in his art, and writes solely for art and artists.

COMMON CHORD.



PART-COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC FOR "NOAH'S ARK": MR. J. ST. A. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson is an author-composer-manager, and has spent a good deal of time in America, where he collaborated with Augustus Barratt. He is an ex-composition-scholar of the Royal College of Music, and a graduate of Cambridge.

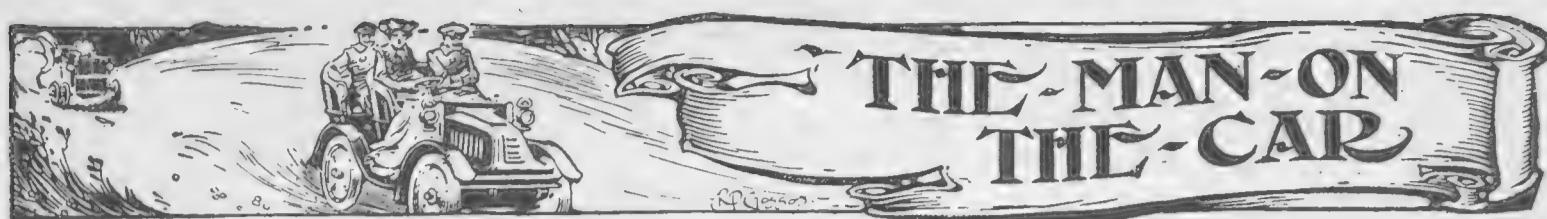


AN OPERA SINGER WHO HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH BY THE BOMBS OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS: M. FIGNER, THE TENOR.

M. Figner lived in Moscow, next door to the Police Department which was wrecked by bombs recently, and only just escaped with his life. He gave an interesting account of his experiences to the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." "At three o'clock in the morning," he said, "while we were sleeping, a terrific explosion rent the air. . . . I rose from my bed, stopped up the windows with mattresses and pillows, and remained in the house for several days after. Once I was nearly potted. I went cautiously to the window and lifted the blind to get a glimpse of the street, and beheld a soldier, who immediately took aim at me."

Photograph supplied by the Exclusive News Agency.

The items of which will be from works selected entirely from his own compositions. A week after he will play the pianoforte at the same hall, in what is now called a Chamber Concert, and the works included at that concert will be entirely of his own composition. Grieg's personality is so extraordinary, his influence upon the musical world has been so strangely remote and yet immediate in its value, that it is right that he should be acknowledged as one of the great musicians of our own time. There is scarcely a school of pianoforte teaching which does not embody some of the works of Grieg. His recognition in the Western world is at the present moment absolute. His visit to London should be looked forward to by every amateur who cares about the art of music in its most delicate and in its most attenuated mood. By that we do not mean to say that Grieg is not a great composer; but the fact remains that he composes not so much for the robust nations of the West as for those curious and neurotic countries which in music have culminated in the name of Edvard Grieg, and in drama in the name of Henrik Ibsen.



STARTING THE ENGINE FROM THE SEAT—A MOTOR STARTED BY A CARTRIDGE—THE KILOMETRE RECORD—THE DARRACQ EQUALS 108½ MILES PER HOUR—KENT AS A MOTORING COUNTY—PATENT-RIGHT SNATCHING—FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER ENGINES—MORE TORQUE!

IT is abundantly clear that methods of starting the motor from the seat have occupied the minds of many French designers during the year that has passed. Much has been said and written of the Mors device, which consists of a small auxiliary carburettor, called a "dynamogene," into which petrol is admitted and air pumped by a small hand-pump fitted in a position convenient to the driver's hand. This small carburettor has its mixing-chamber connected to the cylinders by pipes, the cocks of which are opened also from the seat at the same time as the compression-taps by suitable connections. A few strokes of the pump before mentioned are then made, with the result that the cylinders are all charged with an explosive mixture of suitably carburetted air, which chases the air or burnt products in the cylinders through the compression-taps, opened as described. Taps and cocks are then closed, the igniting-current is switched on, the ignition-lever operated, and the engine starts. This arrangement is available only when accumulator-ignition is used alone or as an independent alternative to magneto-ignition.

The Gueraud system is somewhat like that of the Mors, while the method employed by Saurer is to rotate the motor primarily by the admission of compressed air to the cylinders, the air being stored up in a cylinder for the purpose by an air-pump driven by the motor when running. A method submitted by Dr. Battaut was the introduction of explosive cartridges within small chambers connected with the cylinders, and the firing of these cartridges by percussion when it is desired to start the motor. Other devices are those of Buisson-Renardy, Sjelsky, and Genevriez, which depend upon the physical effort of the driver exerted from the seat, either by means of a pedal, a handle, or a crank, serving to turn the crank-shaft round two or three times, through suitable mechanical connections. The idea of starting an internal combustion-motor by means of cartridges was, and may still be, employed in connection with a high-powered Wolseley engine built for marinework. It is to be hoped that native talent may trend in this direction, for a simple and always effective means of starting a petrol-motor from the seat would be more than a boon to the car-owner who is also his own chauffeur.

The sprint speed honour now rests with the Darracq, for on the last Saturday of the old year that dashing French driver, Hémery, steering a Darracq fitted with an eight-cylinder engine, said to be of 200-h.p., covered a flying kilomètre on the official Arles-Salon course in 20 3-5ths seconds, the best of four attempts, each of which was better than Clifford-Earp's Blackpool, and Duray's Dourdan 21 3-5ths seconds. Now to say that a kilomètre has been covered in that time conveys but little to the unmetrical English mind; but some conception of the speed attained is arrived at by the realisation of 108½ miles per hour, which is its equivalent. Even better is it to

consider the speed as 53 yards covered in one second, or 5 3-10ths seconds faster than the speed of a crack 100-yards scratch man. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this astounding speed is the fact that the Dunlop tyres with which the wheels of the car were shod stood the fearful forward driving impact perfectly.

I notice that the county of Kent is indicated in the columns of a contemporary as a county in which a considerate motorist can drive without fear of police plundering. This reminds me that the road from London to Ramsgate lies almost wholly through that province of the kingdom, famed alike for its nuts and hops. Whether the old Watling Street through Rochester, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury, or the hillier, more tortuous, and even more picturesque route via Caterham, Godstone, Westerham, Riverhead, Maidstone, and Charing is followed, Ramsgate will be found a most desirable objective.

In days gone by more than a strenuous attempt was made to corner certain patents without which the modern petrol-consuming, internal-combustion engine would have equalled nothing more

than "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Thanks to the plucky action of a somewhat impoverished Association, who, greatly daring, won, the industry at large was preserved from an incubus to which Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea would have been but a circumstance. Now the French firm of Renault are of the opinion that they hold a master patent on gear-driven cars, and have so fully proved their rights in France that certain French firms have already agreed to pay a royalty of something like 1 per cent. on each chassis. In order to calm the fears, if any, of makers on this side of the Channel, the *Autocar* submitted the Renault claims to Mr. Douglas Leechman, a barrister with a unique experience of motor-car patents, who has pronounced against them on the ground that the important Claim 4 is anticipated by the previous patents of both Alleyne and Whitney.

There are other questions of master patents in the air—Germany is anxious to take a hand; but more anon.



A MOTOR-DRIVEN BARGE: THE "DUCHESS," WHICH LEFT BRENTFORD FOR THE MIDLANDS THE OTHER DAY.
It is hoped that canal navigation will be revived by the substitution of barges driven by a suction-producer gas-motor for the old horse-drawn boats. The "Duchess" was built by Messrs. Thornycroft.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

cerned in the sale of six-cylinder cars making out as good a case as possible for the four-cylinder engine. There are, without doubt, many excellent and most perfectly balanced four-cylinder engines in the market; but a little thought or the consultation of a torque diagram properly drawn will show any man of average perception that the work on a six-throw 120-degrees crank-shaft is very nearly continuous, while there are two distinct pressure-gaps in a four-throw crank-shaft. After that the man who can afford six or even eight cylinders will have them.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CLASSICS—PROSPECTS—MESSRS. PRATT AND CO.

IN the opinion of many good judges of racing Nulli Secundus will win either the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, and perhaps both, for His Majesty the King. The son of St. Simon and Nunsuch is said to have wintered well, and the Newmarket touts are loud in his praises. The colt was so backward as a two-year-old that he was not allowed to run. He is engaged in the Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, and although the temptation to go for the triple crown is a great one, I doubt whether Nulli Secundus will be quite ready for the Two Thousand, which is set to be run on May 2. It should be noted that Lally is not entered in the Guineas, so that many owners will be induced to give their horses a run at Newmarket on the off chance. Major Loder stands a chance of winning the Two Thousand with Admirable Crichton. The colt did not run as a two-year-old until the York Autumn Meeting, when he finished fourth to Kildrummy, Malume, and Norman Mint; while later, at the Curragh, he was third to General Killian and Dive. He is by Isinglass—Admiration. The colt has done well throughout the winter, and is in my opinion a very likely winner of the Two Thousand; while Black Arrow, if fit, may do something to redeem his character. Sir Daniel

Cooper has a great opportunity to win the One Thousand and Oaks by the aid of Flair, the aptly named daughter of St. Frusquin—Glare. She is trained by Gilpin, who makes very few mistakes. His most dangerous opponent may be Colonia, who is expected to be greatly benefited by a long rest. Everyone seems to think that Lally will win the Derby, and it is said that Mr. W. B. Purefoy could have sold the son of Amphion—Miss Hoyden for £20,000; but he decided on a fighting policy. Lally was a consistent performer as a two-year-old, and his win in the Biennial Stakes at Ascot certainly stamped him as a Derby colt. True, he was defeated by Athleague in Ireland; but the latter was in receipt of 20 lb., and it can therefore be asserted with confidence that on that form Athleague has no chance

a miniature snugger, as it is sheltered by the celebrated South Downs. It is a pity that there is no straight mile at Plumpton (nor is it possible to build one on account of the railway), or I am sure the enclosure would be made to hum under Jockey Club rules; as it is, we have to be content with meetings under National Hunt rules, with small prizes competed for by second or third rate horses. All the same, the sport is appreciated by the locals, who muster in full force when the weather is at all favourable. The meeting is run under the management of Messrs. Pratt and Co., a very enterprising firm of race-course officials. Mr. John Pratt was born in America, and was formerly in the office of Messrs. Weatherby, where he had to collect the horse-tax. Later on he started business on his own as a race-course official, and it

may not be generally known that he assisted in the starting of the Sandown course. At the present time the firm manage Alexandra Park, Lewes, Gatwick, Folkestone, Plumpton, the Newmarket steeplechase, meetings, and several country race meetings. Mr. Pratt is ably assisted by another partner, Mr. F. H. Cathcart, who is a red-hot organiser. Mr. Cathcart formerly devoted his time to lifting trotting out of the slough of despond, and succeeded too. His father was a celebrated actor. Another member of the firm is Mr. J. H. Vernal, the Conservative candidate for Newmarket. Mr. Vernal is a big authority on insects and is a great collector. Mr. Judge Robinson has, I believe, an interest in the firm, and a better business man it would be impossible to find.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A MONUMENT TO A HOUND: THE OBELISK ERECTED IN MEMORY OF "BLUECAP."

"Bluecap" was held to be the greatest foxhound that ever breathed, and stories, many of them apocryphal, cluster round his memory. It is said by some that he won a fortune and a great estate for the Smith Barrys, who were old-time Masters of the Cheshire Hunt.



A MEDAL FOR GOLFERS: THE TAIT MEMORIAL MEDAL.

Lieutenant Tait, the famous golfer, who died in South Africa, has had a unique tribute paid to his memory in the medal here illustrated. The challenge trophy is competed for each year by the members of the New Golf Club at St. Andrews.

Photograph by J. Fairweather.

for the Derby. If he keeps well, Lally, who will be ridden by Bernard Dillon, is very likely to win at Epsom, and I feel pretty confident that Nulli Secundus, with H. Jones up, will be in the first three. I should like to see the last-named horse follow in the footsteps of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee.

Little fault can be found with the Spring Entries in the matter of quality, but it is useless discussing the Spring Handicaps until the weights have appeared. However, I might air an old grievance of mine. It is this: there is too much sameness about the handicaps, and I think each big race should have the weights allotted by a different individual. When horses are entered in two or more races, the weights of which are handicapped by the same man or the same committee, a monotonous sameness is observable, and a big mistake in one is apt to cause disaster to the lot. Already horses have been backed for the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, but those speculators who wait until the day of the race to follow the money are likely to be the best off after the winning numbers have gone up. The big weight-for-age races should yield well this year, and the two-year-olds are reported to be a good lot. Owing to the open winter, a lot of useful work has been possible at the various training centres, and horses should come to hand early.

I think one of the prettiest little meetings in England is Plumpton, which is well situated for dwellers in the metropolis and those who sojourn at the south-coast watering-places. Plumpton is within easy walking distance of Lewes, and the course may truthfully be termed



"THE GREATEST FOXHOUND THAT EVER BREATHED": BLUECAP.

The Bluecap Hotel, at which the Cheshire Hunt meets for the opening of the hunting season, has a signboard bearing on one side a painting of the famous hound and on the other the following story of the hound's authenticated exploit: "On Saty Sept. 28, 1762, Bluecap and Wanton, ye property of Mr. Smith Barry, Master of ye Cheshire, in a match over ye Beacon course at Newmarket, beat a couple of Mr. Meynell's (ye Quorne) one of which was Richmond. Sixty horses started with ye hounds. Mr. Smith Barry's huntsman, Cooper, was ye first up, but ye mare that carried him was quite blind at ye end. Only twelve got to ye end. Will Crane, who trained ye Cheshire hounds, came in twelfth on Rib. Betting was six to four on Meynell's". Separating the true from the false, this much is certain, that Bluecap was so immeasurably faster than all other Cheshire foxhounds that a heavy drag had to be hung about his neck, and one of the treasured possessions of the Smith Barry family is a picture depicting the hound thus clogged.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHILE the sales are in progress one does not look for the advent of new fashions, so it will be quite another three or four weeks before Madame Mode discloses her first-born intentions with regard to what will be worn in early spring. Though many frocks, hats, and cloaks are being sent down to Monte Carlo, they are merely glorified and elaborated versions of what we have been regaling daylight and electric light with lately, no merest hint of futurity in fashions having yet passed the portals of well-guarded Gallic inventiveness. It behoves the creator of "creations" to guard well the offspring of his brain, for the verb "to rob" has a terminology of its own, and there are thieves of ideas as well as of jewels and plate, as the hard lot of the inventor commonly proves. Certainly, the sales are sufficiently absorbing to the normal woman at the moment, the fascination always surrounding the "French model" being a dozen times enhanced by the sacrificial figure at which that once exclusive and superior garment can now be purchased.

A sale of more distracting attractiveness than ordinarily is in course of progress at the London Corset Company's smart salons in New Bond Street, where women will find perfectly shaped corsets in handsome brocade, silk and satin marked down to extraordinarily low prices while selling-off time obtains. The Samothrace and other well-known makes with which the Company first made its name are now to be had at remarkable reductions, while blouses and costumes share in the general shearing down of prices. As everything sold here is made in Paris, it will interest many to know that a limited number of silk and stuff model gowns are marked at a fifth of their original cost, and are certain to be speedily annexed by the discriminating bargain-hunter.

A strong list of patronesses should secure success for the Winter Ball to be held at the Empress Rooms tomorrow evening, Thursday, in aid of that great charity known as the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women. Half-a-dozen Royalties and a dozen Duchesses head the list of well-known names, and it is hoped that a large sum will accrue, as funds were never more urgently needed than at the present time. Cheques should be made payable to Mrs. Percy Boulton, Hon. Sec., crossed "Ballart, London and Westminster Bank," and addressed to her at 15, Seymour Street, Portman Square. Tickets, which are twenty-five shillings each, including champagne supper, can be obtained only through a patroness or the Hon. Sec.

Hinging on the political campaign may not impossibly happen a domestic,

seeing that many hostesses will, in view of Parliamentary changes, like to smarten up their domestic surroundings, taking into account the *va et vient* of busy friends on tactics and tariffs intent. Hamptons' great sale offers an unusual opportunity for replenishing one's stock of household linen, quantities of table-cloths, napkins, sheets, pillow-covers, towels, etc., of the finest quality being obtainable at



A CHIC TAILOR-MADE.

[Copyright.]

obviously lowered prices. Hamptons' unusual facilities for collecting antique furniture of undoubted genuineness are widely recognised, and in the present sale many tempting bargains are offered—French and English bureaux, inlaid chimneypieces, Adams settees, and other *objets d'art*, variously calculated, from their artistic merits and low prices combined, to whet the appetite of the connoisseur. Hamptons' sale is, in fact, as they very truly announce, "a great opportunity," and the wise-in-time housewife will not be slow to avail herself of it.

There was an old proverb common amongst even our hard-drinking grandfathers that the "larder killed more than the cellar," and its application and appositeness—to use two big words—are fully borne out in this dyspeptic generation, which, though less *gourmand* than *gourmet*, is still the suffering slave of appetite. A simple but effective remedy for the prevailing demon of indigestion is to be found in a new biscuit, called the "Diasta," just brought out by Callard, of 74, Regent Street. These biscuits are light, crisp, and particularly easy of assimilation. They should be used at all

times when bread-and-butter is commonly resorted to. Being of a very pleasant flavour, this will be no



[Copyright.]

FOR THE RIVIERA.

hardship, while a mind and system at peace will inevitably result.

"Cadbury's for children" ought to become an accepted phrase, seeing how beneficial to small people is the beverage of their name. A box of Cadbury's chocolate makes an always acceptable and wholesome present for children, and can be had in various sizes at from sixpence and a shilling upwards.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NERISSA.—(1) It is not usual to change from heavy mourning so soon. You would find all you want at Peter Robinson's. (2) Youghal rose point lace is considered the best in Ireland. It is really Brussels rose point, but not nearly so expensive.

L. S. D.—You should get out as nearly as possible an accurate list of your household and incidental expenses, adding them week by week. This will keep you *au courant* with what you are spending. Man, as a rule, does not like adding up; but if you can get your husband to admit his out-of-pockets, you can then more easily arrive at your expenditure and income.

LOUISE (Andover).—The short patent safety is the best. Most good tailors build them on the same lines now. The price varies between the seven and eight of second-rate tailors to the twelve and fifteen of the best. No trouble.—SYBIL.

OUR SUPPLEMENT: A PRIZE COSTUME.

For the third time during the past year Messrs. Swan and Edgar, of Regent Street, have achieved a triumph in the world of dress, where competition is so keen that a triumph is well worth attaining. First came their offer of a fifty-guinea trousseau to the *Daily Express*,



A LITTLE GUEST AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: MISS GLADYS KEEN AS COBWEBS.

Photograph by Speaight.

that characterise all of Swan and Edgar's work. The designs are executed in the richest materials, and the trimmings of lace, fur, flounces, and golden decorations are all of the best quality. It is an exhibition well worthy of study, and in its revival of old-time style and perfection of detail is truly educative. While the public is still revelling in the beauty and rarity of this holiday sight comes another success in the winning of the first prize at the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball. From the many costumes sent by the leading firms of London, the "Entente Cordiale" dress, worn by Mrs. T. Clark, designed and made by Swan and Edgar, was chosen as the best, and the dress needs only to be seen to prove the excellent decision of the judges. The creation, which is reproduced in the coloured Supplement given with this issue, is a clever combination of painted satin, whereon the French and English navies are represented, silk gold-fringed flags of the two nations, and rosettes studded with electric lights. The accompanying head-dress, the gloves, necklace, and indeed all of the details, are most unique and original. Modelled on true lines of grace, the costume is made of the handsomest material, is exquisitely finished in every detail, and reflects the greatest credit upon the creators, proving, if such proof be needed, that the firm of Swan and Edgar design and execute costumes of which the greatest fashion-maker might be proud.

When, on Saturday evening, "A Royal Divorce" is produced at the Scala, Mr. Frank Lister will play Napoleon, which used to be acted by Mr. Murray Carson at the Olympic, with Miss Grace Hawthorne as Josephine—the part to be played by Miss Edith Cole. Conspicuous in the cast will be Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who will play Marie Louise; Miss Dolores Drummond, and Miss Mary

to prove to doubting readers that a good outfit for a bride could be provided for that sum. The trouseau was exhibited in Swan and Edgar's Regent Street windows, and after exciting the admiring wonder of the throngs that viewed it, was awarded as a prize to the woman making the best suggestion as to how to improve it. Next comes a very rare exhibition in the Regent Street windows of costumes dating from 1800 to the present hour of strenuous life. Fashioned from quaint old sketches obtained with difficulty from many sources, they are made with the style and finish

Jerrold, who has just concluded an engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal that lasted for three years; Mr. Norman Partridge, who was recently at Drury Lane; Mr. F. Joynson-Powell, Mr. George W. Cockburn, and Mr. T. P. Haynes. "A Royal Divorce" has had a long career, for it was originally produced in 1891, and has been acted ever since that time.

A pleasing little function took place on board the cadetship *Conway* recently, the occasion being the presentation of gifts from the committee, the commander, officers, and cadets to Mr. J.

Stuart, senior master, on the occasion of his forthcoming marriage, and the award of Sir Alfred Jones's prizes to the successful cadets for the best essay on the *Nigeria*'s jury-rudder. The cadets were addressed by Captain Keay, who, in the absence of Sir Thomas Royden, made the presentations to Mr. Stuart, and by Sir Alfred Jones, who awarded his prizes to the three successful cadets. Ringing cheers given by the cadets for all the visitors and Mr. Stuart ended the proceedings. The gifts to the senior master consisted of a silver tray from the committee, a silver writing-set from Captain, officers, and masters, and a silver rose-bowl from the cadets. Sir Alfred Jones's prizes were a sextant and two medals.

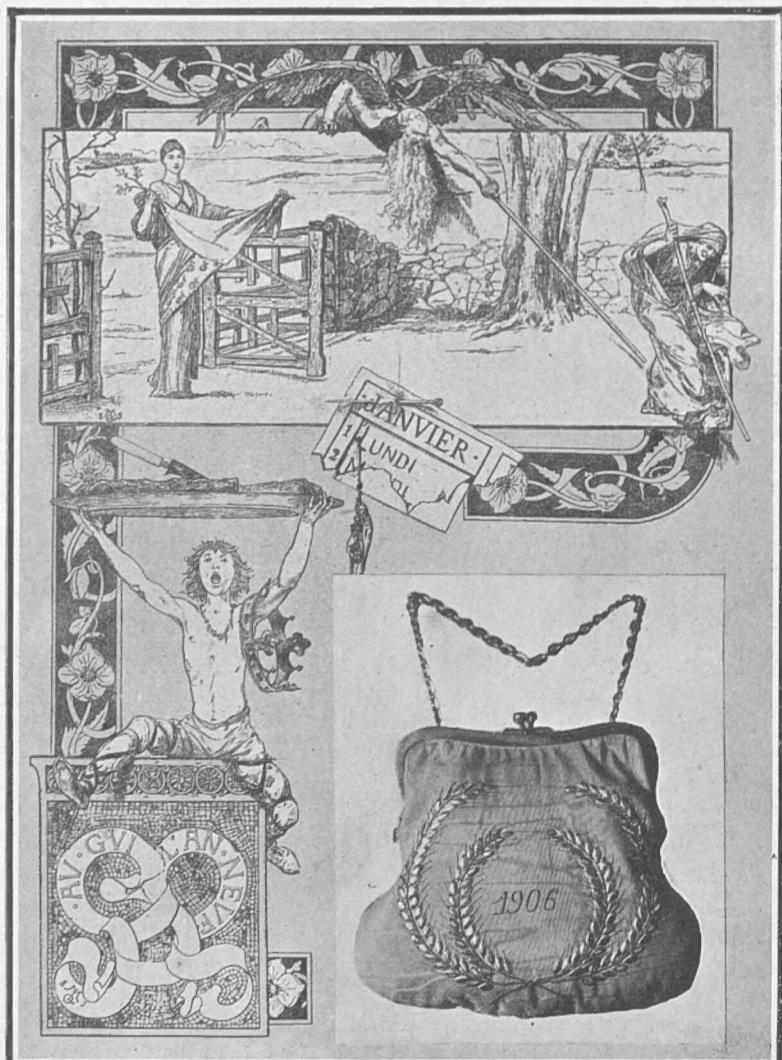
The Cunard Steamship Company have arranged a round trip from Liverpool to the Adriatic, which should strongly appeal to those who are desirous of escaping perhaps the worst part of the English winter. The twin-screw steamer *Slavonia*, 10,605 tons, leaves Liverpool on Feb. 20, taking passengers for Gibraltar, Naples, Trieste, and Fiume. On the return trip passengers will be transferred to the *Caronia* at Naples, from which port this magnificent 20,000-ton steamer proceeds to Liverpool, where she will be due on March 18th.

As evidence of the fact that business in Highland malts is still progressing favourably, it may be mentioned that during ten days in November and December of last year, Messrs. R. Thorne and Sons, Limited, proprietors of Aberlour Distillery, consigned from their warehouse there fifty wagon-loads of whisky. Other distilleries in the district, although not equaling Messrs. Thorne in the quantity of their output within a given time, are still doing so well that when mention is made of these special whisky-trains the proprietors show no surprise.



A LITTLE GUEST AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: MISS KENNAUGH AS MOONTIDE.

Photograph by Speaight.



FROM THE CARLTON TO ITS PATRONS: THE GOLD-EMBROIDERED SILK SACHET PRESENTED TO EACH LADY GUEST AT THE FAMOUS HOTEL'S NEW YEAR DINNER, AND THE MENU-CARD.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 23.

THE Bank return would have been more discouraging than it was generally considered, had not the Market attributed the low ratio of assets to liabilities to transitory causes. In nearly all departments there has been a sense of uneasiness both over Home and Continental politics, which has induced many people to hold aloof. One scarcely knows whether the present Ministry will obtain such a majority as is likely to ensure a considerable lease of office, and the meeting of the Morocco Conference is looked forward to with some uneasiness, especially in view of the recriminations which are at present occupying so much space in the French and German papers. The appointment of Sir George Gibbs as Manager of the Underground Electric Railways is favourably received, and instead of the death of Mr. Verkes proving a misfortune to the District line, it may well turn out a blessing.

At the beginning of the New Year our valued correspondent "Q" reviews the effect of his weekly notes with very justifiable pride. Those of our readers who have studied the City columns since our contributor joined our Staff, will not require to be reminded of his successes, but none the less will his review of his work interest and perhaps instruct them.

RETROSPECT.

As you have asked me to review briefly the advice I have ventured to give your readers on the subject of investment in the course of the past six months, they will, I hope, forgive the personal note which is inseparable from such a retrospect. I am not sure that it is not rash to attempt a review at all, especially after so short an interval, but fortunately I can claim that in most cases any of your readers who have been guided by my arguments have not suffered in pocket from doing so, while in not a few cases they may have been able to make a handsome profit. As I pointed out, however, when I commenced sending you these notes, they are not intended for the punter who goes in for a quick profit without much thought for the actual value of the stock in which he is operating, but rather for those who, with limited means, are anxious to get something more for their money than the miserable return obtainable from gilt-edged securities, together with, of course, a fair chance of adding to the value of their capital. If any such have benefited from my notes I am only too happy to have been of service to them, and I hope that in 1906 there may be other opportunities of the same kind.

To turn now to particular stocks which have come in for notice, I recommended as good investments among Foreign Railways, Autofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Ordinary stock, much below its present price, the Ordinary stock of the United Railways of the Havana, San Paulo Railway

Ordinary stock, and Rio Claro Sao Paulo shares. All of these may safely be held, and will give the investor a good return without undue risk. In the course of the present year the reorganisation of the Autofagasta stock will be carried through, and the stock should then be worth over £20.

In another connection I insisted upon the splendid position which has been attained by the well-managed Financial Trust Companies, and I instanced seven of these stocks as especially suitable for the small investor who desires to obtain a return of 5 per cent. and over on his capital. Most of these are higher than at the date of my notes; for instance, Foreign, American, and General Trust Deferred stock, which then stood at 93½, is now quoted 10 points higher; American Investment Trust Deferred has risen from 120½ to nearly 130, and so on; I still think, however, that, even at present prices, these stocks return a higher rate of interest to the investor than any other class of security which involves as little risk.

To turn to Land Companies, I pointed out on several occasions the greatly improved position of many of the Canadian and Argentine Land Companies, due to the great prosperity of those countries and the increasing demand for land at enhanced prices. Amongst these, Calgary and Edmonton Land shareholders have recently received another 2s. 6d. per share, this time in the shape of a return of capital, and making a total return of 7s. per share during 1905. The Company continues to receive higher prices for its land, while the mineral rights, which are retained by the Company, are of great potential value. Among Argentine Land Companies, I have drawn attention to the comparative cheapness of Argentine Land 5 per cent. Pref. shares, seeing that, in addition to their regular rate of interest, they are certain to receive in the course of, perhaps, not very many years, the whole of the arrears of interest, amounting to 28s. 6d. per share.

Among miscellaneous securities mentioned by me have been some of the best of the Nitrate Companies, which are paying handsome dividends, and may safely be held, notwithstanding the momentary shadow cast upon them by a doubt as to the renewal of the Combination. I may instance particularly the Liverpool Nitrate Company, and the Salar del Carmen and Colorado Companies. Between now and the end of March, when the existing Combine expires, it is quite likely that the companies which are holding out may see the folly of their ways. Other concerns coming under the head of miscellaneous, to which I have alluded, have been Van den Berghs, South African Breweries, Ohlsson's Cape Breweries, and Ceylon Tea Plantations. The African Companies are naturally suffering somewhat from the depression which is so slow to pass away from South Africa, but meanwhile, they are paying good dividends and should be held.

Turning to mines, I ventured in the autumn to disagree with those who persist in predicting another South African mining "boom" to rival that of 1895; the conditions to-day being altogether different. If, as seems likely, the future prosperity of South Africa is to become the shuttlecock of English political parties, the revival may be postponed indefinitely. I drew attention, however, to the great future which lies before the Premier Diamond Mine, and although at the moment the delay in starting the new gear is causing disappointment, I anticipate much better prices for the shares in the course of 1906. I pointed out the merits of the Waihi Mine, whose shares are now getting near £7, as the finest mining *investment* in the market; while at different times I have mentioned Lancefields as a hopeful lock-up, Esperanzas, El Oro, and the Broken Hill Mines of New South Wales. As a speculation I recommended Spassky Copper shares at about £5, and they have since been to £7½. Q.

Jan. 3, 1906.

A FEW FOREIGN BONDS.

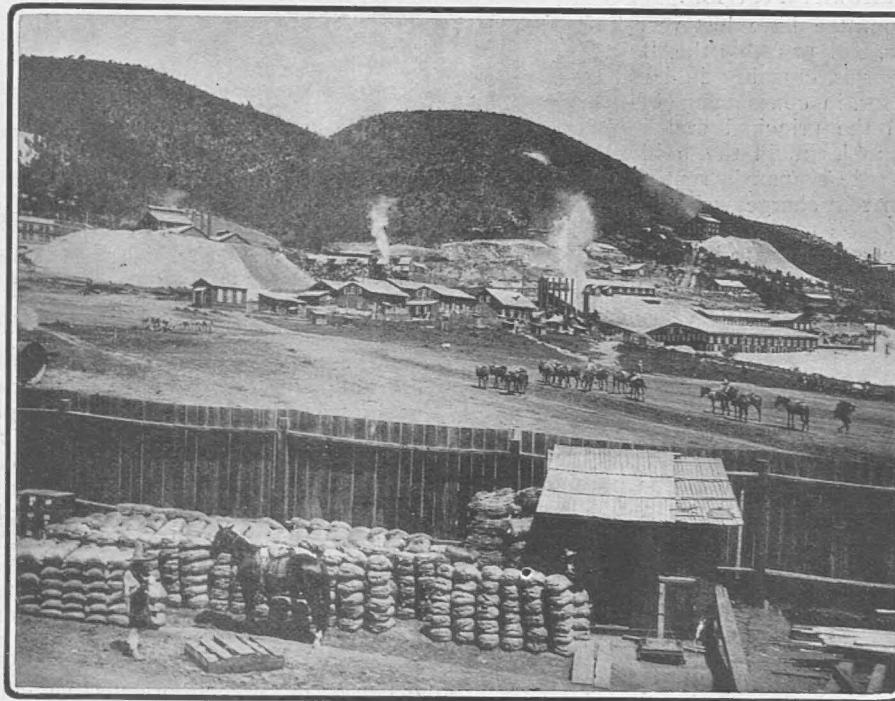
With the Argentine 6 per cent. Funding Loan redeemed, the opportunity of getting anything like 5½ to 6 per cent. on one's money from good foreign bonds is rendered very circumscribed. The only bond that comes anywhere near fulfilling a 6 per cent. condition, is the Argentine 6 per cent. Railway Loan of 1881, the price of which is about 103, with interest due on the first of June and December, and drawings taking place each May and November at par. As there is only about £69,000 of the original Loan outstanding, the risk of bonds being redeemed is necessarily considerable, and, moreover, the Loan is held with extreme tenacity. If any stock comes to market it is eagerly snapped up, notwithstanding the chances there are of the bonds being drawn. Another bond that pays fairly well is the 7 per cent. China Silver issue of 1894, the price being two or three points below par. Here also the drawings are in progress, but there still remains £1,300,000 of the Loan. Making allowance for the rate of exchange, the yield to a buyer

is about 6½ per cent., but there is a loss on redemption. We may remark that the Chinese Railways Shanghai-Nanking 5 per cent. bonds, which we recommended at a shade under par, have advanced to 104½, and we will add that the curious profit-sharing Notes, attached in the first instance to these bonds, are being largely bought in the neighbourhood of £8. The nominal value of these singular certificates is £20, and what dividends they will get—if any—must remain a mystery for a long time. Nevertheless, the buying of the Notes is strong and good, payment being made for the purchases. Of the Japanese issues, the Second Series of the 4½ per cent. Loan looks a trifle cheaper than the First Series, but this apparent discrepancy vanishes upon comparison of the interest dates and amounts.

The new Fours do not seem to have become happily settled in permanent hands, if the small premium of ½ per cent. be any guide, but the Loan should eventually go to three or four points above the issue price of 90. Those who care for a speculative security should keep their eye upon the 5 per cent. Consolidated Internal Loan of Mexico.

HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS AND PRICES.

What time Home Railway stocks should be basking in the sunshine of active business stimulated by dividend anticipations, the actual condition of the market remains very unresponsive. The distributions will be good, as everybody knows, and perhaps the improvement in the dividends is already discounted to such an extent as to cause fresh buyers to restrain their purchases, pending the announcements. The year ended in respectable style, and it seems certain that the Heavy lines will be able to declare additions of ½ to 1 per cent. upon the rates of last year. About the only bad showing for the latter half of 1905 is made by the Great Eastern, where the suburban traffic has been so severely cut into by electric tramway competition. We have no intention of pursuing the path of more or less random dividend estimates: a few prophets still remain in the land, but their number will become ever less as the futility of the procedure is recognised. Yet we are not above hazarding a bold guess that neither Great Central Ordinary, Districts, nor Little Chathams will receive any dividend for the past six months! What concerns the public more is the probable trend of market quotations in the immediate future. In attempting to forecast this, it has to be borne in mind that prices will look fairly cheap when the dividends come off in February and March. If money grows cheaper, as seems likely, and trade continues to prosper throughout the country, the



ESPERANZA MINE: GENERAL VIEW.

outlook for Home Railway stocks deserves to be regarded optimistically. We should say that the market is by no means a bad one for bullish operations, and a quiet, steady rise all round may be one of the features of the near future.

MINING MATTERS.

Recognition of the fact, already indicated here, that the South African gold-mining industry will not be really affected by the temporary stoppage of coolie labour has led to a little bear-covering in the Kaffir Circus, with the result that prices are looking up again. Rhodesians have the Rowdy Boys' strike to help them, but it takes a deal of shouting to grind out an eighth rise for Chartered. Kaffirs are on the right road to public favour when they get into the habit of paying steady dividends. The revival will take some time to kindle, and we do not suppose there will ever be a recurrence of the Kaffir boom of 1895. Speculation is well-nigh dead in the shares, only the professionals fanning an occasional spark of animation, and the see-saw in prices will be within narrow limits perhaps for months to come. Several dealers in the Kaffir Circus have moved their tents into the Broken Hill section, where the activity attracts public attention and the continued firmness gives the market favour in the eyes of outside operators. Talk went round, in advance of the carry-over, to the effect that Contango facilities would be curtailed in Broken Hill shares; but brokers found their regular jobbers were willing enough to take in shares at rates rather higher than usual. A few punters, naturally, were somewhat "left." The advance in Barrier shares has been so breathless as to invite reaction; but we doubt whether the market bears will come home just yet awhile. A break now and then would be only what one might expect; it would seem a good policy to buy on such breaks, if they occur.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY POSITION.

The Debenture-holders' committee have lost very little time in answering the directors' circular, and probably the Board wish they had said nothing, for the answer is crushing in its completeness. The position is certainly critical, for, in consequence of the default in payment of the Company, both the principal and interest of the Debenture debt has become due, and, should the holders insist upon their full legal rights, the Chartered Company's rent charge—we beg pardon, the Mashonaland Railway rent charge—will be converted into a prior lien bond for £850,000.

The traffics of the Beira Company appear to be of so improving a character that if the present difficulty can be tided over for a few months, the arrears of interest should easily be paid, and the danger of the enforcement of the prior lien bond ended; indeed, the committee say that the earnings of the last six months are sufficient to pay the current coupon, and that the second default need never have taken place. The Beira Railway is the only piece of Rhodesian line which is not virtually the property of the Chartered Company or its affiliated concerns, and the temptation to secure its ownership through the prior lien at the nominal figure of £850,000 must be considerable; but even the financial magnates of Rhodesia will hesitate to carry out such a deal in the face of the Debenture-holders' committee, and the publicity the matter has received.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANTRIM.—The shares are practically unsaleable, and we believe there is only the remotest chance of any good ever coming of them. You could buy at sixpence; but it is doubtful if you can get any offer if you want to sell.

T. S.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst.

INDUSTRIAL.—Babcock and Wilcox or Cargo Fleet, especially the former, might suit you.

E. H. C.—(1) The "B" Debentures are, when the line is open, likely to be worth holding, but it is a long job. (2) Yes. (4) These Debentures are very speculative. (5) Yes, if you will take some risk. (6) The 8 per cent. Second Pref. are a fair Industrial risk. (7) We believe Canadian Pacific will go higher, but the return at present price is small, and we do not expect the dividend will be increased yet awhile. (8) The Cumulative Pref. are not safe.

CRESENDO.—Presuming you mean Cuban Centrals and will hold, the shares are a fair speculative investment. The 6 per cent. bonds of the other line are also worth holding.

Y. F.—We have written to you.

F. H. C.—There is no reason to sell, as South Africa is slowly recovering, and the bank is perfectly sound. The highest price was 91 in 1903.

Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, Debenture interest warrants for the half-year ending Dec. 31, 1905, were posted to the debenture-holders of this Company on the 30th ult.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Haydock Park fixture has caught on with the sporting public in the North, and there should be a good attendance at the meeting to be held this week. I think Hard Luck will win the Makerfield Steeplechase, Iddo should capture the Warrington Hurdle-Race, and Wild Aster may win the Culcheth Steeplechase. Bombay ought to run well for the Ashton Hurdle-Race, and Aultbear may capture the Wigan Steeplechase. I like St. Benet for the Haydock Steeplechase, One and All for the Earlstown Hurdle-Race, and Irish Angel for the Club Maiden Steeplechase. If started, Extravagance may win the St. Helens Steeplechase, and Mahratta reads like a good thing for the White Lodge Steeplechase. Gallop On may win the Bostel Hurdle-Race at the Plumpton meeting, and The Laird may take the New Year's Steeplechase; the Streat Hurdle-Race may go to Bell Sound.

YEAR-BOOKS: NEW STYLE.

OF late years a wholly new style of year-book has come into fashion. The traditional year-book devoted itself to the signs of the Zodiac, rain-fall and high-water, exhaustive lists of banks, grammar-schools and Government offices, and tables for calculating Church festivals from 1500 A.D. onwards.

Celestial phenomena were the leading feature. The movements of Venus and Mercury were described with the accuracy of a private detective. Personal details about the satellites of Jupiter were given with the vulgar familiarity of the American reporter. Tables were supplied of the principal martyrs and the kings of prehistoric tribes back to the Glacial Period.

But this information—though it would be useful and even exciting to the astrologer or the mariner shipwrecked on a desert island—was not of urgent importance to the busy man of the world. He wants a chatty volume which will tell him how to deal with his stockbroker, secure a dog-license, escape police observation when scorching on motors, defraud the income-tax authorities, and in general equip him with the knowledge useful to a law-abiding citizen. Such he finds more practical than the motions of the celestial bodies.

The modern year-book meets this want. It leaves the stars severely alone. It explains to him briefly questions such as bimetallism, the Balkan crisis, the Education difficulty, which he constantly discusses without knowing anything whatever about them. It does not tell him how to calculate Easter Sunday for the year 2000 A.D., for he will never want to know.

Its biographies supply something more than the mere dates of births and deaths—really the two least important events in a man's life, for it is what he does in the intermediate time which is of any consequence.

Biographies a generation ago ran something like—

Sir John Bulkington. Tenth Bart. B., 1840.; educ., Eton, Oxford. M., Eliza, daughter of Ebenezer Skeggs, general merchant, Chicago. Represented Great Southdown, 1880-1891. Publications: "The New Kamtchatka" (1871) and "Kamtchatkan Catapults" (1884). Recreations: Riding, bridge. Address: 10, Pimbleton Square, W.

The modern style runs—

Sir John Bulkington. One of our prominent "horsey" men. Learnt his "footer" at Eton, and played for the 'Varsity. Knows more about the Kamtchatkans than the Kamtchatkans themselves. Married pork, and has piles of "ooft." His house in Pimbleton Square is one of the swagger places in London.

Millions and tons were the delight of the old-fashioned almanack. It was a combination of the Army List, Directory, Prayer Book, and the multiplication-tables. Almost the only topical events it took any notice of were the eclipses, which, with a singular perversity, are generally invisible anywhere in England. It ignored the sins and scandals of the alleged "Smart Set," and deprived the lower classes of legitimate recreation in reading about them. It dealt exclusively in enormous numbers. It was like the raw subaltern who explained to his superior officer that he had never been taught to move less than a hundred thousand men.

Not that the study of year-books and almanacks of any kind is profitable. There is a craving implanted in the human breast—far more insidious than that for drink—for information which needs no exertion to obtain. You read statistics about the habits of ground game, the re-marriage of widows, the number of pauper aliens imported at great expense, of Swedenborgians who have married inebriates, and of Lancashire weavers who have been foolish enough to emigrate to Canada—and you feel a well-informed man-about-town, an amateur Datas.

Most of these things are useless, and you forget the rest immediately you have read them. Nay, more. You study the directions on "How to Make a Will," "How to Marry a Frenchman" (or Frenchwoman, as the case may be), "What to do if Struck by Lightning or Apparently Drowned"—with the consequence that you attempt to do your own lawyering and doctoring, with disastrous results.

Mr. Kipling has said that no one can resist the temptation to look up the salaries of his friends employed in Government offices. Nor can you resist seeing whether "Celebrities of the Day" includes your favourite enemy, and if so, wondering how much he paid the editor; or whether your own name is included, and if not, what damage will be done to the sale of the work. And this, again, is degrading to public morality.

And note that whereas the year-book gives copious details of the criminals sent to reformatories, the lunatics in asylums, and the hopeless invalids in hospitals (you have only to be a convict or a pauper to be classified, catalogued and probably housed and fed for nothing), no fuss is made about sane, hard-working people, who are allowed to disappear unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, having exhausted themselves paying in taxation for the support of the nation's failures.

Another demoralising feature of the year-book is its explanations of the various "perils," political and otherwise, of the day. Reading about them is as insidious as the habit of constantly feeling one's pulse—one which doctors declare to be highly dangerous. And most of these perils have been brought up regularly once every generation since the remotest ages.

By making itself readable, the modern year-book has pandered to this taste, and in this respect its influence is to be deplored.

HILL ROWAN.